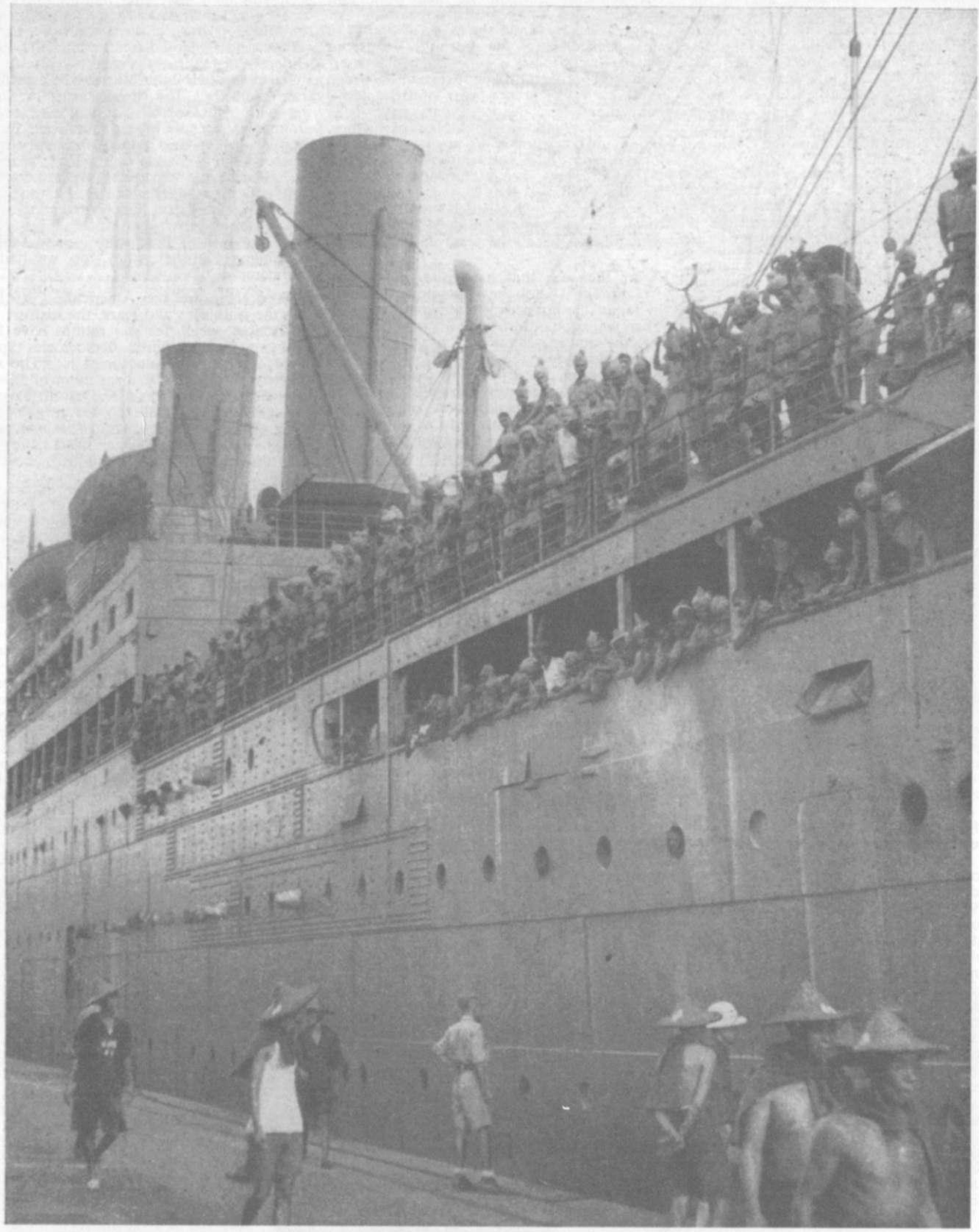
Vol 5 **The War Illustrated** No 116

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE DEC. 30TH, 1941



AT SINGAPORE Indian troops arrive to take part in the defence of the great fortress-port. An island of many warriors, including English, Scottish, Australian, Sikhs, Gurkhas and Malays, Singapore has been assembling its forces from all parts of the Empire. Many of these men have been in action against the Japanese troops who succeeded in making landings on the beaches in the north of the Peninsula, and heavy fighting has taken place amid Malayan swamps and jungles.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

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WE ARE GOING TO WIN THE WAR—AND PEACE

THE first world war began with a shot fired by a Balkan terrorist. The second will be dated from the bombing of Pearl Harbour by Japanese aircraft dispatched by the war lords of Tokyo, those terrorists of the Orient, while the emissaries of their Emperor were still speaking peace in the corridors of Washington. That was the spark that set all the continents aflame. Hitler made Europe a battlefield ; it was left to Tojo and his fellow militarists to fire the Americas and Asia, Australia, the barren wastes of the frozen north and the glamorous islands of the southern sea.

Japan's attacks in the Pacific, against Britain in Hongkong and Malaya, against the United States in Hawaii and the Philippines, provided, as Mr. Roosevelt put it in his fireside talk to his people on December 9, the climax to a decade of international immorality. "Powerful and resourceful gangsters have banded together to make war on the whole human race." For ten years past Japan has paralleled the course of Hitler and Mussolini in Europe and Africa, but now "it has become far more than parallel : it is a collaboration so well calculated that all the continents of the world and all the oceans are now considered by Axis strategists as one gigantic battlefield."

LOOKING back over a decade which the historians of the future will surely regard as one of the most saddening, even the most shameful, of the century, one sees that the career of plundering and blundering began when Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931. It was a most blatant act of aggression, yet she was permitted to "get away with it." There were protests in Congress and Parliament, in London and Washington, and at Geneva. But Japan had powerful friends and even many sympathizers. Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir John (now Lord) Simon, came out almost as Japan's apologist. But most of us were not yet awakened from our post-war dreams. After all, Japan was a long way away, and Manchuria—well, did it really matter very much if it were rechristened Manchukuo ?

BUT what followed would provide a fit theme for the musings of Hardy's Spirit of the Pities. To quote Mr. Roosevelt again : "In 1931 Japan invaded Manchukuo—without warning. In 1935 Italy invaded Ethiopia—without warning. In 1938 Hitler occupied Austria—without warning. In 1939 Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia — without warning. Later in 1939 Hitler invaded Poland—without warning. In 1940 Hitler invaded Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg—without warning. In 1940 Italy attacked France and later Greece—without warning. In 1941 Axis Powers attacked Yugoslavia and Greece and they dominated the Balkans—without warning. In 1941 Hitler invaded Russia — without warning. And now Japan has attacked Malaya and Thailand and the United States—without warning. It is all of one pattern. We are now in this war. We are all in it—all the way."

So it is that 1941 goes out in a blaze of horrific war, and 1942 emerges against a curtain of flame. Vast have been the changes brought about by a year of days and nights, every one of them loaded with death and destruction. Since last New Year's Eve millions have died—not in their peaceful beds but suddenly cut off in their pride and prime, in the "vast and dusty shambles" or in lonely agony, amid the crash of bombs in close-packed cities, in hospital wards, in blazing aircraft, in the stark cold of the desert night and in the unbroken silence of the ocean depths. It has been a year of tremendous happenings, one whose events have been written in blood on the tablets of history. Blood and tears, toil and sweat have been our lot ; grievous have been our losses, deep our disappointments, heavy the blows we have suffered. Not yet has the day of victory dawned for us. Still Hitler strides the Continent like a colossus, and the tide of his triumphs has hardly been stayed.

YET the year that has gone, culminated though it has in the tremendous onslaught by Japan, has not been without comfort for us. Then we stood—we of the British Commonwealth—almost alone in arms against a multitude of foes, better armed, much better prepared and, in some ways, better led and directed. During those twelve months the gap between our production and that of our enemies has been greatly reduced, though it is not yet entirely closed. The men and women in our factories have laboured loyally and long to repair the deficiencies, to make good the losses. Our armies have grown, our Air Force is more powerful by far, and our Navy (though we have to mourn the loss of many a great ship, of all too many brave men) is still second to none in fighting spirit. But even more important is the fact that, as Mr. Churchill said the other day, we have now at least four-fifths of the population of the globe upon our side (although let us not forget that unarmed millions are of little use against panzers and bombing planes).

'I ASK that Congress declare . . . a state of war' between the United States and the Japanese Empire : President Roosevelt speaking in the United States Congress on December 8. Behind him is Mr. Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives. *Radioed Photo, Associated Press*

The millions of the Red Army, the men who for six months have borne the full brunt of the greatest war machine the world has ever seen—the men who, after fighting every inch of the way back to Leningrad and Moscow and the Don, have of these late weeks turned on their pursuers and for the first time given Hitler a taste of the defeat which he has inflicted so often upon others—these men are our comrades. The Soviet partisans, fighting with rifle, torch and explosive charge among blackened timbers and rubble heaps, in what only a short time ago were flourishing towns and cities—they too are with us. The Chinese, battling so bravely in the yellow mud of their river valleys, bombed and blasted yet still tenaciously defending their native soil against the Japanese invader—these warriors of Free China, these soldiers of Chiang Kai-shek, they too we hail as our comrades.

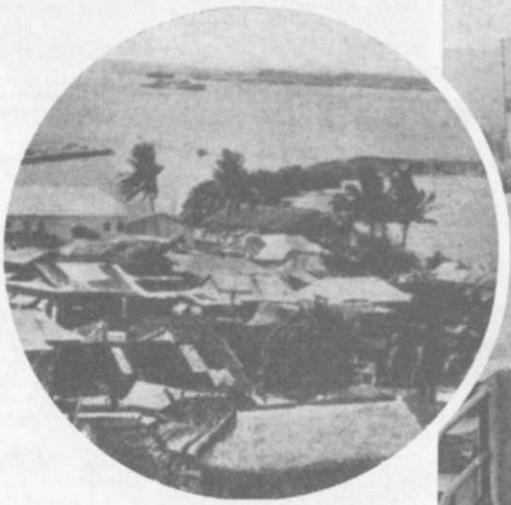
Then there are the Americans. At long last the jealousies and fears, the distrust and differences, which for generations have kept the two great Atlantic democracies apart, have been wiped from the slate. The men of New York and San Francisco, of Minneapolis and New Orleans, of Detroit, Chicago and Oklahoma—of all the 48 states of the great American Union, from Washington to Texas, from Maine to California—they are our comrades, our brothers-in-arms as well as in spirit.

WE are all in the war now—one war, all the way. We must match the enemy with a grand strategy. "We must realize," to quote President Roosevelt again, "that Japanese successes against the United States in the Pacific are helpful to the German operations in Libya ; that any German success against the Caucasus is inevitably an assistance to Japan in her operations against the Dutch East Indies ; that a German attack against Algiers or Morocco opens the way for a German attack on South America. On the other side of the picture we must learn to know that guerilla warfare against the Germans in Serbia helps us ; that a successful Russian offensive against the Germans helps us ; and that British successes on land or sea in any part of the world strengthen our hands." And the President went on to say that Germany and Italy, too, considered themselves at war with the United States, just as much as they consider themselves at war with Britain and Russia. Another two days, and Hitler and Mussolini, nerved by Japanese victories to one desperate throw, flung down the gauntlet of actual war.

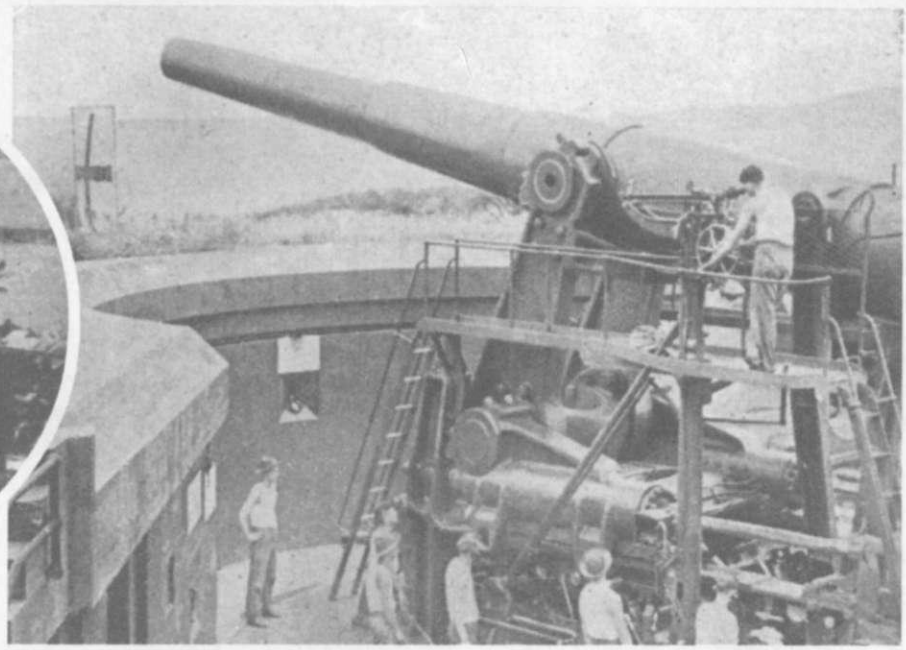
IN speaking for his own people the President was speaking of a surety for us too. "We Americans are not destroyers"—we of the British Commonwealth, of China and Soviet Russia and the Netherlands and Poland and the rest—"we are not destroyers, we are builders. We are now in the midst of a war, not for conquest, not for vengeance, but for a world which will be safe for our children . . . In the dark hours of this day and through the dark days that may come, we will know that the vast majority of the members of the human race are on our side. Many of them are fighting for us. All of them are praying for us . . . **We are going to win the war, and we are going to win the peace that follows.**" ROYSTON PIKE

America's Pacific Bases Now Engulfed in War

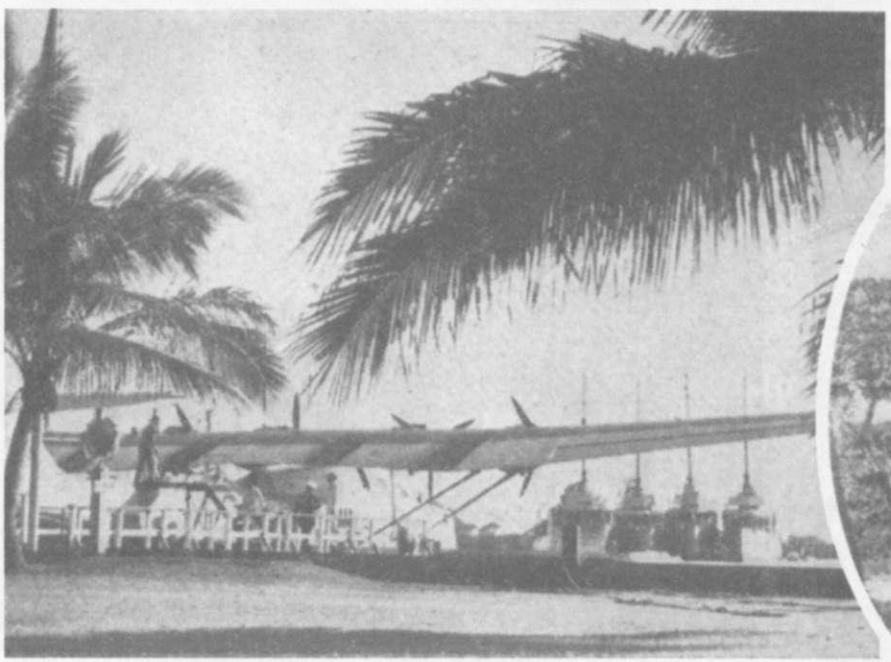
OAHU island, one of the Hawaii group, where hundreds of people were killed at Pearl Harbour by the Japanese; the photo shows American Air Corps planes lined up on Hickam Field.



GUAM, one of the Marianas, in the Pacific. The American base here was reported to have been wrecked by Japanese bombs and shells.



A coast-defence gun, described as a "12-in. disappearing rifle," guarding the entrance of Manila Bay, on the Philippine island of Corregidor.

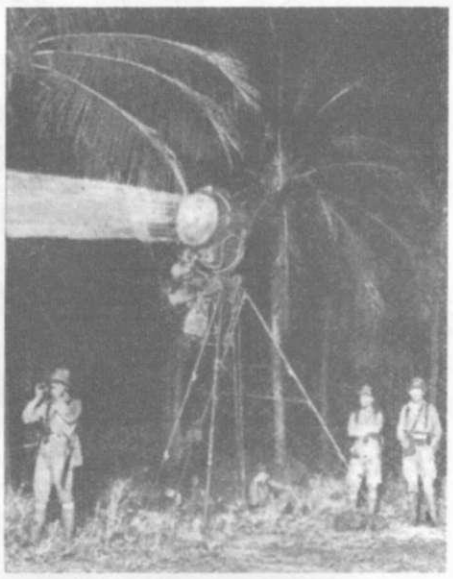


AT PEARL HARBOUR, Hawaii, heavily attacked in the Japanese surprise offensive—U.S. destroyers and Clipper plane. Right, Wake Island, midway between Honolulu and Guam, in the Pacific; a U.S. refuelling base it was subjected to heavy attacks by the Japanese.

Photos, Planet News, Keystone, Associated Press, Wide World

War Did Not Surprise the Netherlands Indies

DUTCH DESTROYERS of the Netherlands East Indies Navy guarding a harbour entrance in the Far East. Head of the Dutch East Indies Navy, which will cooperate in the defence of the Pacific, is Vice-Adm. C. E. Helfrich.



Beneath the spreading fronds of a palm tree an army searchlight of the Netherlands Indies defences projects its beam through the tropical night.

THE DUTCH QUEEN'S PLEDGE

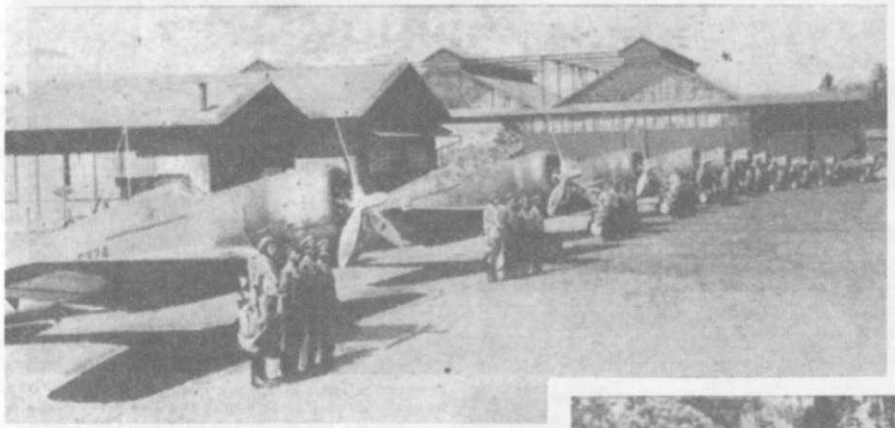
YOU know how Germany, in the same fashion as Japan now follows in Asia, has assaulted many countries in Europe one after the other. Japan, possessed by the same spirit of aggression and of contempt for law, follows here, also, in the steps of its German Axis ally. We have learned.

Now that the friendly American and British peoples are being attacked, the Kingdom of the Netherlands puts all its military power, and all its resources, at the disposal of the common war effort.

The Netherlands did not hesitate to defend themselves with courage when they were wickedly assaulted in Europe. The Indies will not waver now that such an attack threatens them in Asia.

I count on the navy, the army and the air force, on all civil servants, and on all civil services, whose war duty now begins. I and all my subjects count on all the courage, the determination and the perseverance of all in the Indies.

Queen Wilhelmina's Proclamation broadcast by Prof. P. S. Gerbrandy in the Radio Orange programme on Nov. 8, 1941



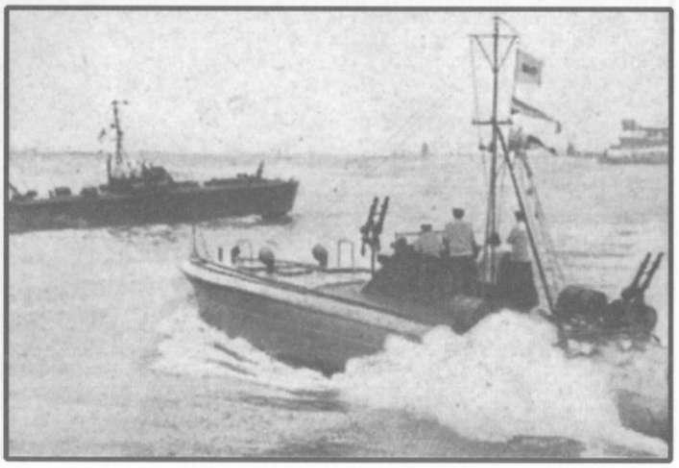
CURTISS HAWK fighter aircraft of the Royal Netherlands East Indies Air Force lined up on the airfield at Bandoeng, Java.

ANTI-TANK GUN, drawn by a tractor on which its crew are seated, passes through a village in the Dutch East Indies. Left, an anti-aircraft gun during night exercises in the Far East. The Royal Netherlands Indies Army numbered before the war some 37,000 men, with numerous reserves.

Photos, Sport & General, Michael Lorant, Keystone and Wide World

Hong Kong: British Outpost Menaced by Japan

THE HARBOUR AT HONG KONG, at the mouth of the Canton River. The Japanese bombed and attempted to invade this British colony on December 8, 1941. Preparations against attack, however, had been proceeding for some time. In the photographs beneath are one of the air-raid shelters which have been bored deep into the hills upon which Hong Kong is built, and torpedo boats on guard in the vicinity of the island. *Photos, Fox, Associated Press*



BRITISH TANKS IN LIBYA advancing through a mined area in the desert. The heroism of our tank men is one of the glorious chapters of the whole war. Enemy mines, bombs, shell-fire, blinding sandstorms—all these they take as a matter of course. They have created new records in human endurance. Four days in a tank was regarded as the limit, but many of the tank crews fighting in Libya have remained in action for eight or twelve days subsisting on dry pack bully and biscuits. Knocked out of one tank they will crawl sometimes to another to keep up their attack on the enemy.

Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

'For Good or Ill It Is Auchinleck's Battle'

In the House of Commons on December 11 Mr. Churchill gave "the best account I can of where we stand and how we are." He paid a high tribute to Russia's magnificent stand (see page 376), welcomed China as a worthy ally, described Japan's cold-blooded attack and the tragic loss of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse (see page 371). Most of his speech, however, was devoted to the Libyan battle, and below we reprint the most important passages.

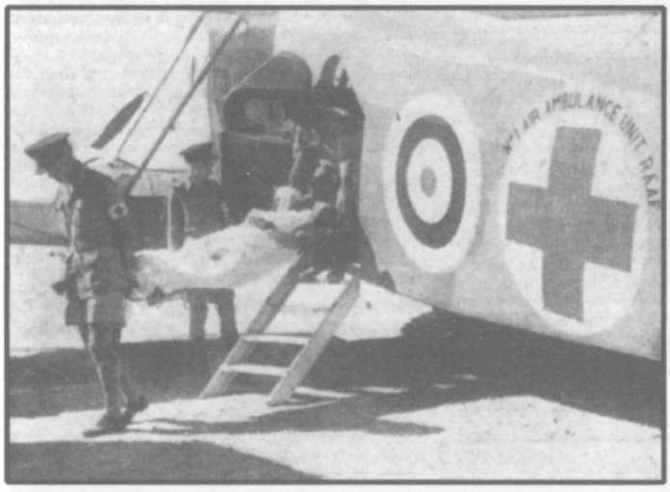
THE Libyan offensive did not take the course which its authors expected, though it will reach the end at which they aimed. Very few set-piece battles that have to be prepared for a long time in advance work out in the way that they are planned and imagined. The unexpected intervenes at every stage. The will-power of the enemy impinges itself upon the prescribed or hoped-for course of events.

Victory is traditionally elusive. Accidents happen and mistakes are made. Sometimes right things turn out wrong and quite often wrong things turn out right. War is very difficult, especially to those who are taking part in it or conducting it.

Still, when all is said and done, on November 18 General Auchinleck set out to destroy the entire armed force of the Germans and Italians in Cyrenaica. Now, on December 11, I am bound to say that it seems very probable that he will do so.

The picture that was made beforehand by the commanders was of a much more rapid battle, and they had the idea which I expressed that the entire German armoured forces would be encountered by our armour forces in a mass at the outset and that the battle would be decided in a few hours.

This might have been the best chance for the enemy. However, the sudden surprise and success of our advance prevented any such mass trial of strength between the armoured forces, and almost at the first bound we reached right out to Sidi Rezegh, divided the enemy armour, and threw them into confusion.



IN THE LIBYA CAMPAIGN the wounded have been speedily transferred from the battlefield to the hospitals in Egypt by De Havilland and Bristol transport planes prominently displaying the Red Cross.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

In consequence of this a very large number of detached actions took place over an immense stretch of desert country.

The battle, though equally intense, became both dispersed and protracted. It became a widespread and confused battle of extremely high-class combatants, mounted on mechanized transport and fighting in barren lands with the utmost vigour and determination.

Although we have a large army standing in the Middle East, we have never been able to apply in our desert advance infantry forces which were numerically equal to those the enemy had gradually accumulated on the coast. For us the foundation of everything was supply and mechanized transport, and this was provided on what had hitherto been regarded as a fantastic scale. Also we had to rely on our superiority in armour and in the air. Most of all in this struggle, everything depended for us on an absolutely unrelenting spirit of the offensive, not only in our generals but in the troops and everyone in action.

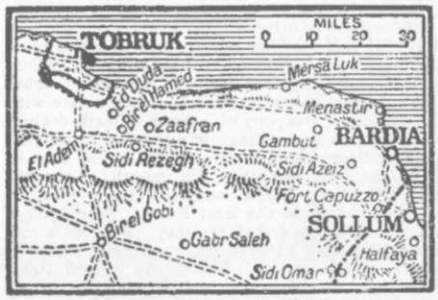
That has been forthcoming and is still forthcoming. All the troops have fought all the time in every circumstance of fatigue and hardship with one sincere insatiable desire to engage the enemy and destroy him if possible, tank for tank, man for man, and hand to hand. Behind all this process, working out at so many different points and in so many separate combats, has been the presiding will-power of the C.-in-C., General Auchinleck. Without that will-power we might very well have subsided on to the defensive and lost precious initiative which here in this Libyan battle we have for the first time felt strong enough to maintain. The first main crisis of the battle was reached between November 24 and 26.

On November 24 General Auchinleck proceeded to the battle headquarters, and on November 26 he decided to relieve General Cunningham and appoint Major-General Ritchie, a comparatively junior officer, in command of the 8th Army in his stead.

This was immediately endorsed by the Minister of State and myself. General Cunningham had rendered brilliant service in Abyssinia and was also responsible for the planning and organization of the present offensive in Libya which began with surprise and success and which had now apparently turned the corner.

He has since been reported by the medical authorities to be suffering from serious overstrain and has been granted sick leave. Since November 26 the 8th Army has been commanded with great vigour and skill by General Ritchie, but during nearly the whole time General Auchinleck has been at the battle headquarters. Although the battle is not yet finished, I have no hesitation in saying that, for good or ill, it is General Auchinleck's battle.

Watching these affairs, as it is my duty to do, from day to day, and even from hour to hour, and seeing the seamy side of the reports that have come in, I have felt my confidence in General Auchinleck growing continually. Although everything is hazardous in war, I believe we have found in him, as we have in General Wavell, a military figure of the first order. The newspapers have given full and excellent accounts of the strangely interspersed fighting in which the British Armoured Corps, the New Zealand division, the South African division, the Indian division, the British 70th Division, and the rest



By courtesy of "The Times"

of the Tobruk garrison, including Poles, all played an equally valiant and active part.

At the beginning of the offensive I told the House that we should, for the first time, be fighting the Germans on equal terms in modern weapons. This was quite true. Naturally there have been some unpleasant surprises, and also some awkward things have happened, as might be expected. Those who fight the Germans fight a stubborn and resourceful foe, a foe in every way worthy of the doom prepared for him.

Some of the German tanks carried, as we knew, a six-pounder gun. Although it can carry many fewer shots, it is sometimes more effective than the guns with which our tanks are mainly armed. Our losses in tanks were a good deal heavier than we expected. It may be that at the outset, before it was disorganized, the enemy's recovery process for damaged vehicles worked better than our own. They are very good at that.

Our Air Force was undoubtedly superior throughout in numbers. Although the Germans have drawn, in the most extravagant manner, air reinforcements from many quarters, including the Russian front, that superiority has been more than maintained. Great satisfaction has been expressed by the troops and military authorities about the way in which they have been helped and protected by the action of the R.A.F.

About half and sometimes more than half of everything in men, munitions, and fuel which the enemy send to Africa is sunk before it gets there by our submarines, cruisers, and destroyers and by the activities of our Air Force. In this way, therefore, the prolongation of the battle may not be without its compensations to us.

From the point of view of drawing weight from the vast Russian front, the continuance of the fighting is not to be regarded as evil. The first stage of the battle is now over. The enemy has been driven out of the positions which bar our westward advance. Everything has been swept away except certain pockets at Bardia and Halfaya, which are hopelessly cut off and will be mopped up or starved out in due course. It may definitely be said that Tobruk has been relieved or, as I should prefer to state, has been disengaged. The enemy, still strong, but severely mauled and largely stripped of his armour, is retreating to a defensive line to the west of Tobruk. Some substantial reinforcements of British troops are available close at hand.

I am making a rule never to prophesy or to promise or guarantee future results, but I will go so far on this occasion as to say that all danger of the Army of the Nile not being able to celebrate Christmas and the New Year in Cairo has been decisively removed.

Our Searchlight on the War

MEN, MACHINES AND COURAGE

The position they had to storm was a fort flanked by huge minefields, row upon row of barbed wire, and traps of all kinds. Throughout the British attack the Italians kept up a ferocious cross-fire . . . The infantry braved the mines no sappers could tackle beforehand in so deadly a cross-fire—and broke through.—*Description of the fighting in Libya*

WITH each passing century war becomes more and more horrible and destructive. While this is to be deplored, it is a matter for sober rejoicing that the courage of man keeps pace with the diabolical weapons of science. Death-dealing machines become increasingly ingenious, and the tank and aeroplane have speeded up the rate of casualties. In less than six months 8,000,000 men have been killed, wounded, taken prisoner or are missing on the East Front. From this it might be assumed that the war would soon end if only because such losses must neutralize the power of the armies. But Germany and Italy, Russia and ourselves still have immense resources in man-power. Nor must we forget that every year new young recruits are available for service. The lesson of the tank in Libya and elsewhere is that it is still an auxiliary to the infantry. Where opposing sides are more or less equal and the machines are knocked out, the infantry has to get down to hand-to-hand fighting. The hope of the Allies is, of course, in a vast superiority of machines. We must build so large a mechanical armoury that our wastage in tanks and aeroplanes is of no consequence. Not until then is a decision possible. Not until then can we roll up the Nazi octopus that strangles the greater part of Europe and a large area of Russia.

BARBARISM AND CULTURE

A Nazi soldier, taken prisoner, spat in a British officer's face while being interrogated. With commendable restraint and dignity the officer wiped his face and reminded the German that he might have been killed for resisting while a prisoner of war. An Italian pilot, taken prisoner in Cyrenaica, said he looked forward to learning to read the English classics in the original during captivity.

THE tragedy of Italy, once the centre of culture in Europe, in being allied to Germany, is glaringly illustrated in these two incidents. This is not to say that all Italians are longing to read Shakespeare, but the fact remains that the Italian people are fundamentally civilized, with a thin veneer of Fascism, while the Nazis do not know and have never really known the ideals of civilization. The latest generation of louts have been taught to loathe all culture lest any predilection for humanism should interfere with their instincts to destroy. That the Italian people ever allowed themselves to follow their comic-opera Caesar to perdition is somewhat mystifying until we remember that the art of assassinating tyrants is not so simple as it was. Modern armaments and a ruthless bureaucracy have made revolution extremely difficult, and the wishful thinkers who still pin their faith on revolt either in Italy, Germany, or the occupied territories must surely disabuse their minds. Ribbentrop, who has nothing to learn from Hitler or Goebbels in lying, probably spoke the truth when he told the quislings in Berlin the other day that "the tank and dive-bomber precluded the possibility of revolt in disarmed territory." Revolt in Europe, generally, will come, as it did in 1918, only when the Nazis have been severely thrashed. The dictator who holds all the weapons is unassailable in his own country, or on conquered territory. The Italians are paying the price of their folly in allowing Mussolini to rise and sell Italy to the hereditary enemy.

R.A.F. ATTACKS ON GERMANY & OCCUPIED TERRITORY

Sept. and Oct., 1941 — *Based on official statistics*

Date	Main Raids	Other Raids	Date	Main Raids	Other Raids
Aug. 31 N	Essen** Cologne**	1	Oct. 12 N	Nuremberg** Bremen*	4
			13 ND		
Sept. 1 N		1	14 N	(S. Germany)	
2 D	(Bremen)	1	Oct. 15-20 N D		10
2 N	Frankfurt** Berlin*	3	20 N	Bremen** Wilhelms-haven* Emden*	
Sept. 3-6 D, N		8			
7 N	Berlin***	3			
8 N	Kassel**	2	21 N		5
9 D		1		(N.W. Germany)	3
10 N	Turin**		23 N		
Sept. 11, 12 N		12	24 N	(Rhine and W. Germany)	1
13 N	Brest***	1			
15 D		1	26 N	Hamburg (N.W. Germany)	4
15 N	Hamburg***				
16 N		2			
17 D	(N. France)	1	28 N	(S. and S.W. Germany)	2
Sept. 17-27 N D		22			
28 N	(Turin Genoa)	2	29 N		4
			30 N	(N.W. Germany)	5
Sept. 29-Oct. 12 N D		37			

Summary: *Heavy raids* in Sept. and Oct. 14; *Other raids*: Sept., over 71; Oct., over 67.
Asterisks indicate strength of raids. Names in brackets lighter or more general raids. In some cases raids on aerodromes are listed as single raids, but may represent two or more places raided. N, Night. D, Day.

CAN LONG-TERM BOMBING WIN?

The R.A.F. must be enlarged until it can bring a decisive influence to bear on events by bombing operations sustained throughout the 24 hours. The time available for building up that bombing fleet is diminishing.—*Major Oliver Stewart in the "Observer"*

MR. CHURCHILL has given the glad and most significant news that the R.A.F. is now "at least equal in size and numbers" to the German, and has thereby put a term to the long years of air failure and disappointment. Are we making the fullest use of that equality? We can now meet, according to Major Stewart and other authorities, the enemy's attempts to destroy our industrial strength by a 24-hour bombing offensive. We can also acquire local air superiority, as we have done in Northern France in recent months.

At the end of the last war we had 22,600 planes—the biggest air force in the world. That was thrown away, and laboriously, at great expense and suffering we have built it up again on an even larger scale. But time, which has so often and so foolishly been said to be against Hitler, races on, and it does not seem that we are even now remotely approaching a 24-hour attack. In two normally favourable months, according to official figures given in the accompanying table, the R.A.F. carried out 14 heavy raids and about 140 lesser raids on German Europe—say 160 in all, in 60 nights and days. Attacks so spread out can hardly be considered a serious offensive, and in November there was an 11-day period without a single raid. Some critics declare that the enemy has proved for us that long-term strategical bombing cannot win without land operations. The bomb can destroy buildings and people, but it cannot occupy territory.

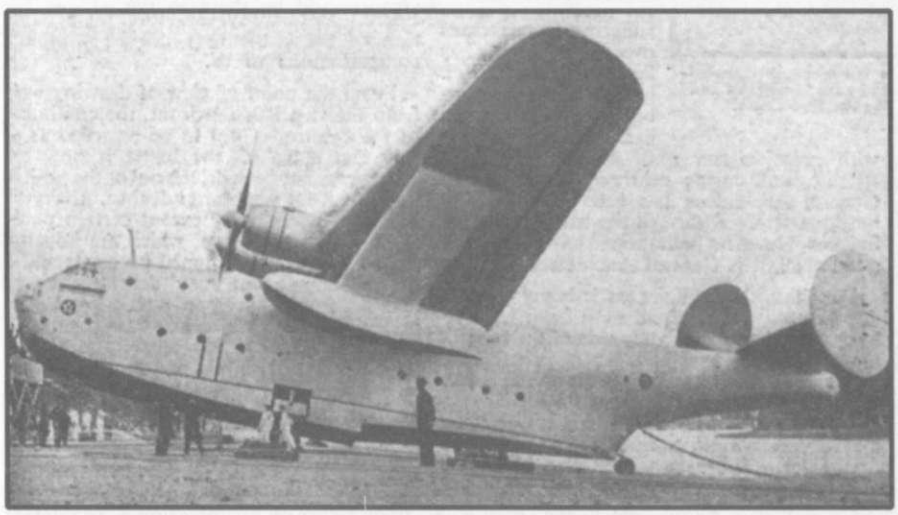
The question remains: will it destroy morale with anything less than 24-hour bombing?

Petty Officer A. E. SEPHTON, posthumously awarded the V.C. for great courage and endurance during a Nazi dive-bombing attack on the cruiser Coventry off Crete on May 20. Two cruisers, the Coventry and Phoebe, went to the rescue of a British hospital ship, after she had radioed S O S, while a squadron of German planes were attacking her. P.O. Sephton, in one of the gun director towers, was critically wounded by machine-gun bullets from a low-flying Nazi dive-bomber. Despite great pain Sephton refused medical attention and carried on with his duties. He died later in the day. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

MONSTROSITIES OF THE AIR

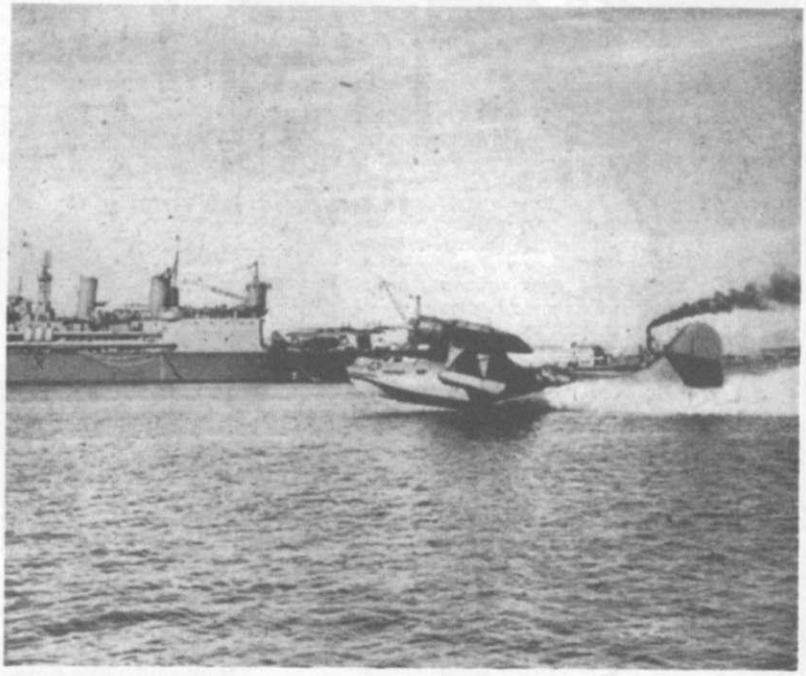
The U.S. Navy has just launched at Baltimore a 67-ton Martin flying-boat, named Mars, which is capable of flying to Europe and back non-stop or of carrying 150 soldiers and their equipment several thousand miles.—"*The Times*"

AMERICA has always been the home of "the biggest yet," but even the new monster flying-boat of the air is, it is reported, to be exceeded in weight and size. As the photograph shows, Mars dwarfs the men attending on it until they suggest Lilliputians. How many men and how many thousand hours of their work, amateurs of the air may ask, were engaged upon its birth? Would not those men and those man-hours expended upon the excellent Martin Maryland bombers which come from the same factory and have already given such good service to the R.A.F. in the Middle East, have given us 10, 12, or more machines that would have achieved war results twenty times as effective? Super bombers carry super bomb loads, but air monsters of this kind surely put too many eggs in one basket. Our big bombers, Manchester and Halifax, are an undoubted success, but even they, an air authority has stated, must be supplemented by smaller, faster, more easily manufactured machines. And all the time, while the factories labour to increase output, the enemy shifts his industries farther from our bombing bases and disperses them widely over the regions he has occupied. It is a race against time . . . and ingenuity. Nature made the same mistake a few million years ago by allowing the reptilian life of the world to grow to such gigantic sizes that the creatures lost their mobility and died out because of the inconvenience of their sheer bulk. Where Nature erred let Martin and Modern Mechanism beware!

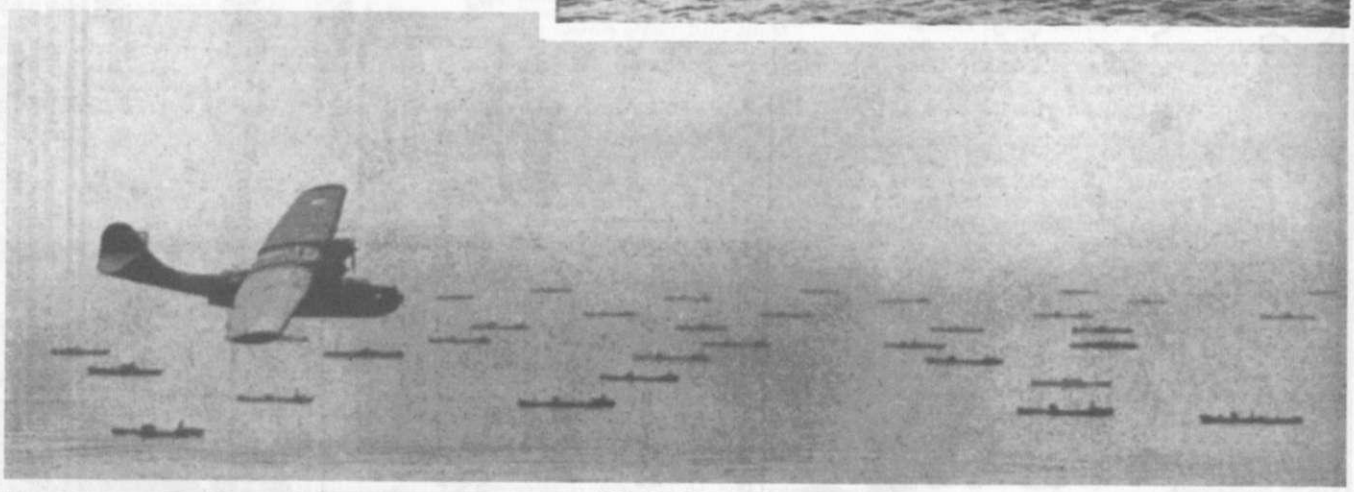


THE MARS, the world's largest flying-boat, a 67-tonner built in America by the Glenn Martin Company. She is fitted with four 2,000-h.p. engines and six gun turrets, and is capable of flying across the Atlantic and back without a stop. The Mars was damaged recently when one of her motors caught fire as she was taxi-ing on the water. *Photo, Sport & General*

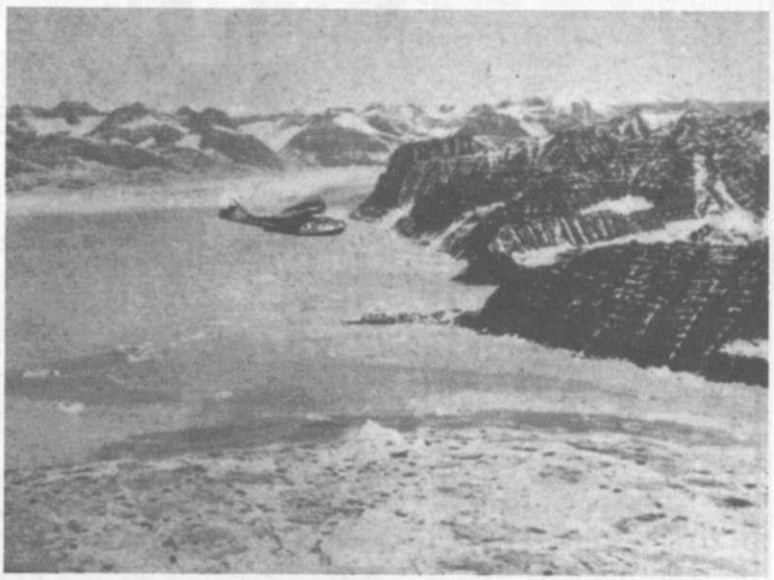
Our American Allies Active in the Atlantic



PATROL COMMANDERS of the U.S. Atlantic Air Patrol, which helps to keep the Lease-Lend line open, checking positions of their patrol planes at a secret base. Right, a Catalina flying boat returning to its mother ship after a 12-hour patrol.

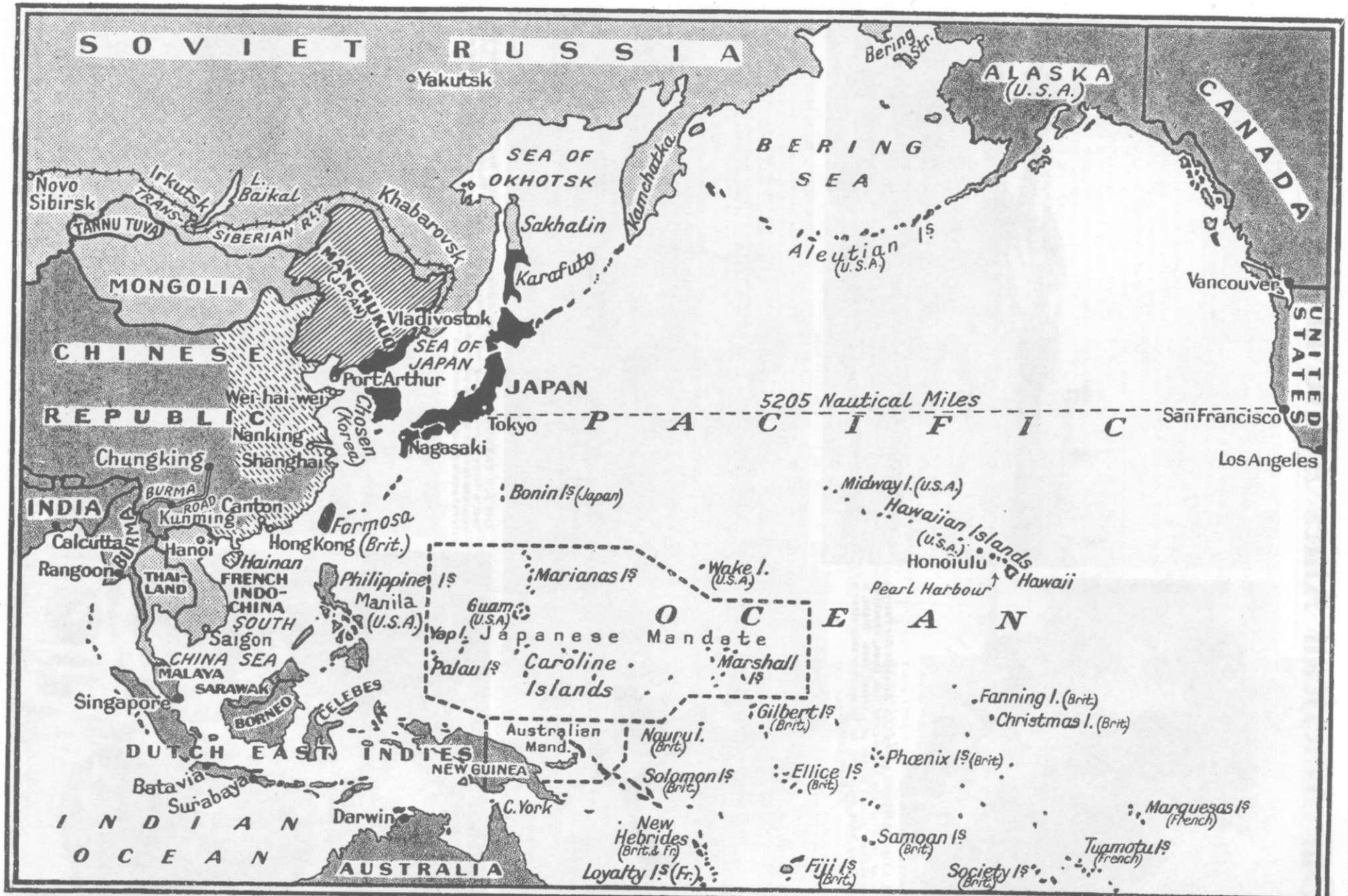


ON AIR PATROL over the North Atlantic, an American flying boat helps to protect a large convoy taking war material to Britain. These patrol planes, which operate for the specific purpose of seeing that the Atlantic sea-lanes are kept open for the safe passage of America's "tools" to the Democracies, work from secret bases.



U.S. NAVY PATROL aircraft flying up the rugged east coast of Greenland against a background of snow-covered mountains. Left, the interior of a U.S. Navy Atlantic Patrol flying boat.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press



THE FAR EASTERN ARENA, where Japan has staked her whole existence on a war gamble with the Democracies, can be followed in this map. While she was talking peace in the traditional Hitlerian style, Japanese aeroplanes, ships and soldiers were attacking far and wide. Hong Kong, Thailand, Malaya, the American naval bases at Guam, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, were furiously and simultaneously brought under Japanese fire. Long anticipating war with America, Japan was able to make good use of the islands over which she holds a mandate. Even a general survey of this vast scene of conflict is enough to indicate the tremendous task that Japan has undertaken, especially in view of the fact that her war with China continues to absorb so great a part of her military machine.

First Round to Japan in the New World War

"No honest persons today or a thousand years hence," said President Roosevelt in his broadcast on December 9, "will be able to suppress a sense of indignation and horror at the treachery committed by the military dictators of Japan under the very shadow of the flag of peace borne by their special envoys in our midst." Below we tell of what that treachery coupled with daring and military might, was able to achieve in the war's first few days.

THE second world war opened on Sunday, December 7, when Japan, without (it need hardly be said) a declaration of war, delivered a series of almost simultaneous attacks against a number of American and British possessions in the Pacific.

Most important of these was that on Pearl Harbour in Hawaii, the main base of the United States Fleet in the Pacific. It had for its objective the crippling of the American fleet, so that for the time being, at least, it should not be able to sail out and join the British Far Eastern squadron at Singapore. It must have been prepared for long before, since Pearl Harbour is nearly 4,000 miles from Japan, and even 2,000 miles from the nearest Japanese bases in the Caroline and Marshall Islands. For a week and more the Japanese aircraft carriers must have been negotiating their approach, until on that Sunday morning they had arrived within striking distance. Then the planes were launched, and shortly afterwards the American ships and forts were being deluged with bombs. It was a bold stroke, if a treacherous, and it was not without success. Col. Knox, U.S. Navy Secretary, admitted the loss of one battleship (the Arizona), three destroyers and a large number of aircraft, while 2,729 naval men were killed; altogether what President Roosevelt described as constituting a serious set-back.

Attacks on the Bases

Other American bases in the chain which links San Francisco with Manila were also attacked almost at the same time. Midway Island and Wake were heavily bombed; and Guam, dangerously situated in the midst of the Japanese mandated islands, was not only bombed but invested by Japanese warships and invaded by Japanese troops. Imperial H.Q. at Tokyo announced on December 10 that the landing had been successful, and the following day they claimed to have occupied the capital, Agana, and taken 350 prisoners, including the Governor.

Almost at the same hour as the onslaught on Pearl Harbour, Japanese planes raided the Philippines. The first air attacks were delivered on a number of Army and Navy bases near Manila, and the capital itself was attacked on December 9. Then on the next day these air attacks were followed up by attempted landings in considerable strength on Luzon, the northern island of the Philippine group. Japanese troops were got ashore at Aparri and elsewhere, and parachutists were also said to be in action. The enemy, reported General MacArthur, U.S. Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, were in considerable strength and were using Army, Navy and Air Force in close conjunction. The American defending force was small, but it hit back hard. The position in Luzon was said to be in hand, and one Japanese battleship, the Haruna, was set aflame, while another, the Kongo, was claimed to have been sunk.

Invasion of Malaya

While these blows were being delivered at America's outposts in the Pacific, the Japanese also went into action on the Asiatic mainland. On that same Sunday Hong Kong was bombed, and the next day Japanese troops exchanged shots with the British outposts. At first, however, there was no attack in force, since Chinese bands struck at the rear of the Japanese attackers. Then far to the south, beyond Cape Cambodia, a fleet of Japanese transports, heavily guarded by warships, set Japanese troops ashore in Malaya and Thailand.

MALAYAN WAR ZONE, showing by arrows the Japanese attacks on the peninsula. Landings were made round Singora, Patani, and Kota Bharu, the first two places being in Thailand, which soon capitulated.
By Courtesy of the "Daily Mirror"

Thailand's resistance was brief. After five and a half hours only Bangkok announced on December 8 that resistance had "ceased temporarily." The Japanese occupied Bangkok, and before the week was out news came of the conclusion of a Thai-Japanese agreement, giving the latter the right to occupy Thai bases and to send troops across Thailand against Burma and the Malay States.

In Malaya the first Japanese landings were effected at 1.30 a.m. (local time) on December 8, at the mouth of the Kelantan River. Apparently their objective was Kota Bharu aerodrome, which was being defended by Imperial troops drawn from our forces at Singapore. Another landing was soon made at Kemassin, east of Kota Bharu, and after severe fighting the British and Indians were compelled to withdraw to a line south of the aerodrome. Yet another Japanese landing was attempted at Kuantan, 150 miles to the north of Singapore. When news of these landings was flashed to Singapore, the newly-appointed C.-in-C. of Britain's Far Eastern Fleet, Admiral Sir Tom Phillips, took his ships to sea, with a view to intercepting the Japanese invaders. Before he could engage, however, Japanese air attacks were anticipated and he about turned. Then disaster overtook him: the two British warships, Prince of Wales and Repulse, were sunk by bombs and aerial torpedoes (see Mr. Churchill's account on left), the Repulse at 2.29 and the Prince of Wales at 2.50 p.m. on December 10. Meanwhile, Singapore was being subjected to a series of heavy air attacks. Each was beaten off in turn by the guns of the fortress and the fighters of the R.A.F. of Far Eastern Command. On December 9 ships of the Netherlands Indies fleet arrived at the port, Queen Wilhelmina's Government having declared a state of war with Japan the previous day.

From yet other corners of the vast Pacific came tidings of war and Japanese thrusts and counter-thrusts. Japanese planes were reported over San Francisco; air-raid warnings were sounded in New York; Canada and Australia made ready for invasion. Japanese landings were reported from South Burma, while from Thailand the invaders threatened the Burma Road, the lifeline of Free China. At Chungking the news of the extension of the conflict brought from Chiang Kai-shek a declaration of war against Japan, so that after four years of invasion the Japanese could no longer describe the China war as an "incident." The A.B.C.D. front (America, Britain, China, Dutch East Indies) was at last a fighting entity.

'A VERY HEAVY LOSS'

IN my whole experience, I do not remember any naval blow so heavy or so painful as the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse.

These two vast, powerful ships constituted an essential feature of our plans for meeting the new Japanese danger as it loomed up against us in the last few months. These ships had reached the right point at the right moment, and were fitted in every respect for the tasks assigned to them.

In moving to attack the Japanese transports which were disembarking troops at the Krau Isthmus, Admiral Phillips was undertaking a thoroughly sound, well-considered offensive operation, not indeed free from risk, but not different in principle from any similar operation we have repeatedly carried out in the North Sea and the Mediterranean. Both ships were sunk by repeated air attacks by bombers and torpedo aircraft.

These were delivered with energy and determination, both high-level attacks which secured hits, and three assaults by torpedo aircraft, by nine aircraft in each wave which struck our ships with several torpedoes. There is no reason to suppose that any new weapons or explosives were employed or any bombs or torpedoes of exceptional size.

The continued waves of attacks secured their purpose, and both ships capsized and sank, having destroyed seven of the attacking aircraft. The escorting destroyers came immediately to the rescue and have now arrived at Singapore crowded with survivors.

We have reason to believe that the loss of life has been less heavy than was at first feared. But I regret that Admiral Sir Tom Phillips—one of the ablest brains in the naval service—is among those reported missing.

IT is a very heavy loss that we have suffered . . . It may well be that we shall have to suffer considerable punishment, but we shall defend ourselves everywhere with the utmost vigour in close cooperation with the U.S. and the Netherlands Navies. The naval power of Great Britain and the U.S. was very greatly superior, and is still greatly superior, to the combined powers of the three Axis Powers.—*Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, Dec. 11, 1941*

Germany Declares War

Great events, but still the record of that earth-shaking week was not concluded. Suddenly the world's attention was switched away from the Pacific to Berlin, where at 2 p.m. on December 11 Hitler flung down the challenge of war to the United States and Mussolini came goose-stepping after. In Washington the news was received with surprise but with grim resolution. At 9.30 a.m. (American time) Hans Thomsen brought to the State Department the German Government's formal notification that Germany was at war with the United States. At noon Congress received a message from the President:

On the morning of December 11 the Government of Germany, pursuing its course of world conquest, declared war against the United States. The long-known and long-expected has thus taken place. The forces endeavouring to enslave the entire world now are moving towards this hemisphere.

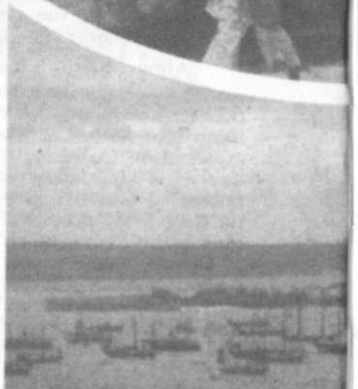
Never before has there been a greater challenge to life, liberty and civilization. Delay invites great danger. Rapid and united effort by all the peoples of the world who are determined to remain free will ensure world victory for the forces of justice and righteousness over the forces of savagery and barbarism. Italy, too, has declared war against the United States.

I, therefore, request Congress to recognize a state of war between the United States and Germany and between the United States and Italy.

With unanimous voice, the Senate and House of Representatives both voted for war against Germany and Italy.

Britain's Bastion at the Crossroads of the Orient: Singapore, Chief Ob

A general view of Singapore looking across the city. In the background, to the right, is Singapore Strait, looking towards the China Sea, while the hills in the left background are beyond the naval base in Johore Strait. At this base, on the north-east coast of Singapore Island, twenty-two square miles of deep-sea anchorage are available.



Singa
went
and

Now Finland Is Numbered Among Our Enemies

Two years ago, when Finland was attacked by Soviet Russia, Britain and America watched her gallant stand with intense sympathy. Much material help was accorded her, indeed, by the Democracies, and at one time there was even talk of sending a British expeditionary force to her aid. Yet, such is the whirligig of war, Finland is now amongst our declared foes.

WHEN Hitler made war on Russia last summer, Finnish divisions marched with the Nazi legions. Finland actually declared war on the Soviet Union on June 27, and Field-Marshal Mannerheim, the Finnish C.-in-C., declared in an Order of the Day that Finland had embarked at the side of Germany on a "holy war" against Russia. At first the Finns professed that their war was not part of the trial of strength between the Great Powers. This pretence was kept up for some months, and as late as September 14 we find Mr. V. Tanner, Finnish Minister of Trade and Industry, declaring at Helsinki that "This is for us an entirely defensive war by which we desire to obtain secure frontiers and a lasting peace."

Gen. von Falkenhorst (right), Commander-in-Chief of the German Army in Norway, photographed on a visit to Field-Marshal Mannerheim, C.-in-C. of the Finnish Forces, who is seen left.

Photo, Sport & General

But what constitutes "secure frontiers"? At first it was claimed that the Finns sought nothing more than the re-occupation of the territories captured by the Red Army in the campaign of the winter of 1939–40. But even in July Marshal Mannerheim declared that his Army's objective was "a great Finland" and "liberation of the Karelian people on both sides of the frontier." This meant, apparently, the extension of the Finnish frontiers up to the old frontier on the Karelian Isthmus, to the river Svir in the gap between the lakes of Ladoga and Onega, and from Lake Onega northwards up to the most southern point of the White Sea. Some Swedish observers declared that the Finns' objectives were even more extensive—that it was intended to claim all the territory up to the west coast of the White Sea, at least as far as Kandalaksha, and possibly even to include the Kola Peninsula and the ice-free port of Murmansk.

From the outset Finnish divisions joined in the attack on Leningrad, attacking the Russians across the Karelian Isthmus, and thus immobilizing a large number—some put it at 30—of Russian divisions. By October the Finns were back on their old frontier; they had cleared the western and part of the eastern shores of Lake Ladoga and penetrated into Russian territory between Ladoga and Onega. After occupying the capital of Soviet Karelia, Petrozavodsk, they had pushed northward along the Leningrad-Murmansk railway, one of the most important Russian links with the outside world. In the lake region of the Salla they attempted to capture the town of Kandalaksha, while in the far north, in the Murmansk sector itself, they rendered invaluable help to their German allies.

In the light of these operations it became increasingly difficult for the Finns to maintain their attitude of disinterestedness in the struggle elsewhere. On July 29 Finland broke off diplomatic relations with Britain, yet Britain was still disinclined to recognize Finland's defection from the democratic camp. Finland, it was apparently felt, was still not hopelessly lost; and for months diplomatic efforts were made to persuade her to withdraw from the war once her troops had established themselves on her 1939 frontier.

In August Mr. Cordell Hull, the American Secretary of State, made overtures to Finland, expressing the view that Stalin was prepared to make peace on most reasonable and honourable terms. Then on September 24 it was announced that Mr. Eden had sent a note to the Finnish Government, in which he had warned them that Britain was bound to consider Finland a member of the Axis, since it was impossible to separate the war which Finland was waging against Russia from the general European war. "If, therefore, the Finnish Government persists in invading purely Russian territory, a situation will arise in which Great Britain will be forced to treat Finland as an open enemy, not only while the war lasts but also when peace comes to be made."

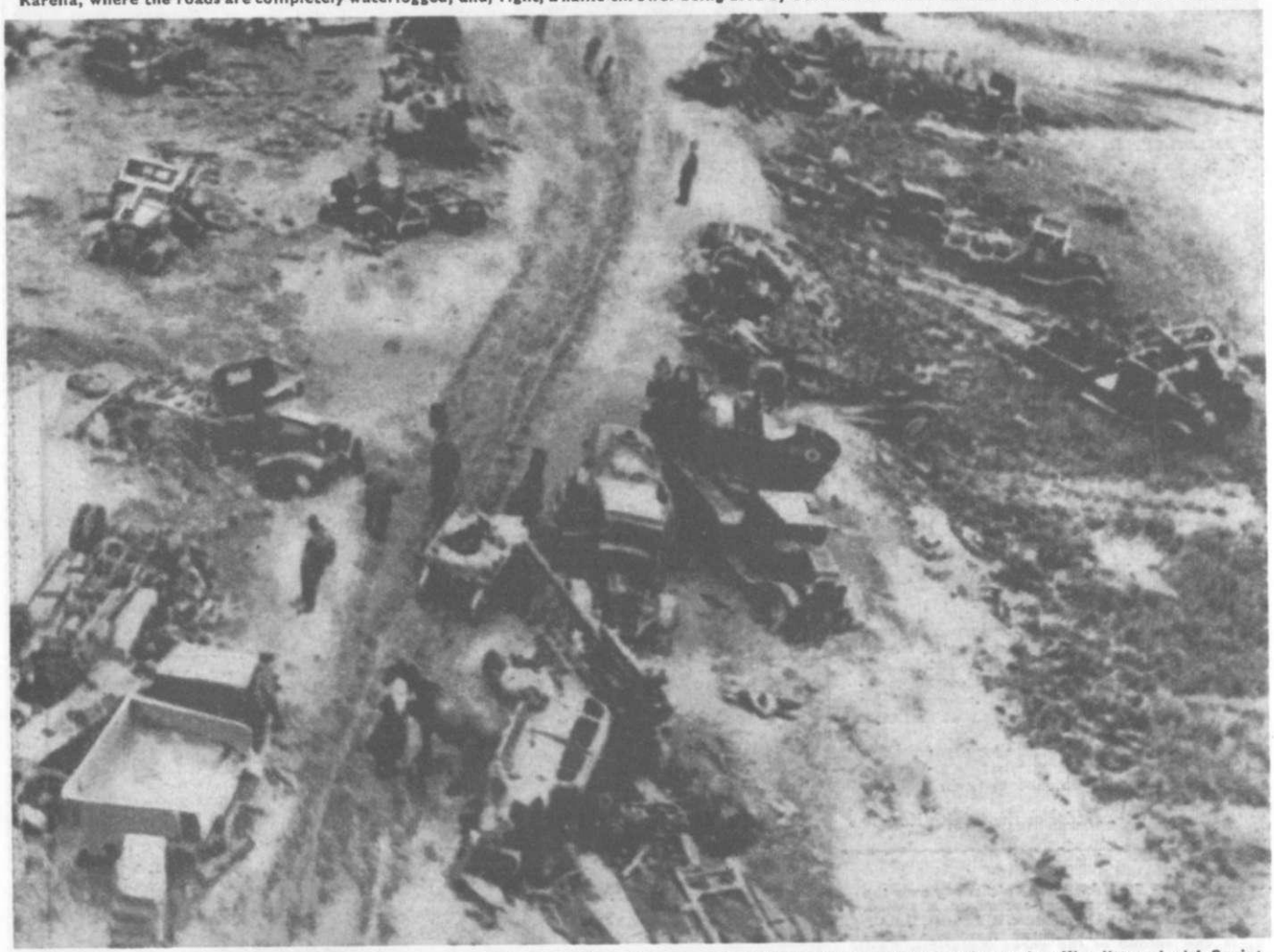
At the beginning of October Stalin sent a request to the British Government, asking for a declaration of war on Hitler's three satellites who had invaded Russia—Finland, Hungary and Rumania. Fresh attempts were made to induce Finland to break off the war. A last appeal was made at the end of November, when the Finnish Government were given till December 5 to cease military operations. At the same time the Russians announced their evacuation of the naval base of Hango, ceded to the Soviet in 1940. A reply was received from Helsinki, but it was completely unsatisfactory. So at 1.1 a.m. on December 7 a state of war with Finland—and also with Rumania and Hungary—came into being.

Finland had made her choice. Yet there must have been many in the little country who regretted the course of events. Certainly, their gains to date have been few and barren. The territory they have recovered from Russia is nothing but "scorched earth." Most of the men are at the front. There is a serious food shortage; traffic has been dislocated; stocks of fuel are low; casualties must have been heavy. These things seem a heavy price to pay for Nazi friendship. Nor do they represent the closing of the account.

MURMANSK-LENINGRAD front, showing the important Murmansk-Leningrad and Archangel-Vologda-Leningrad railways. A branch line from Soroka the exact location of which has not been divulged, links the two railways. In the far north there has been little substantial change for three months, while Tikhvin, on the railway to Vologda was recaptured by Soviet troops on December 8.

From Finland to the Ukraine One Great Battle

In the facing page is told how Britain found herself compelled to declare war on Finland, the once highly democratic country which on Nov. 25 joined the Axis. The two photographs above were taken in the Far North sector of the Russian front, and show, left, Finnish troops on the move in Eastern Karelia, where the roads are completely waterlogged, and, right, a flame-thrower being used by a Finnish detachment in an attack upon a Soviet position.



This remarkable photograph from the Russian Front, which comes from German sources, is described as showing the road to Kiev littered with Soviet equipment left behind when the Russian forces were trying to escape encirclement. It is now the turn of the Germans to seek to escape from the pincers of Timoshenko's armies in the southern Ukraine.

Photos, Planet News, Associated Press

Our Diary of the War

FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1941 *825th day*

Air.—Enemy shipping attacked by R.A.F. off N. Coast of France.

Russian Front.—Several successful Russian counter-attacks on the Moscow front. Russians still advancing in the southern Ukraine. Situation still serious around Tula.

Africa.—Fighting flared up again in Libya with heavy German attacks on El Duda. Indians made successful attack on Bir el Gobi.

Mediterranean.—Night attack on Naples by R.A.F.

General.—German major shot in Paris.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6 *826th day*

Air.—Coastal Command attacked enemy shipping off Norwegian coast.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops advancing towards Mariupol. Successful Russian counter-attacks in the Kalinin sector.

Mediterranean.—Naples again raided by R.A.F.

Africa.—British troops recaptured ground lost near El Duda. Contact renewed with Tobruk.

Home.—Britain declared war on Finland, Rumania and Hungary.

General.—M. Litvinov, new Soviet Ambassador to U.S.A., arrived at San Francisco. President Roosevelt sent personal message to Emperor of Japan.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7 *827th day*

Russian Front.—Timoshenko's armies continued their advance from Rostov. Russian troops forced their way into Kalinin.

Africa.—Intensive fighting throughout Libyan battle area. German armoured divisions moving west. Sidi Rezegh recaptured by British. Italian Bologna division badly cut up.

Far East.—Japan declared war upon Britain and the United States. Japanese air raids launched against U.S. naval bases in the Pacific; Pearl Harbour (Oahu Island), Wake Island and Guam heavily attacked. Raids on army and naval bases in the Philippines.

MONDAY, DEC. 8 *828th day*

Russian Front.—Germans driven from several villages around Kalinin. Russian advance in the Taganrog area continued.

Africa.—Rommel's forces being slowly driven westwards.

Far East.—Constant air attacks on U.S. Pacific bases. Japanese troops landed in Northern Malaya. Singapore and Hong Kong bombed. Thailand capitulated within a few hours of a Japanese invasion of the country.

Home.—Britain declared war upon Japan. Small number of enemy aircraft attacked N.E. England at night.

General.—President Roosevelt asked Congress for declaration of war against Japan. Canada, Costa Rica, Dominica, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua and Free France declared war against Japan. China declared war against Japan, Germany and Italy. The Netherlands govt. declared war against Japan.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9 *829th day*

Air.—Coastal Command attacked enemy shipping off Dutch coast. Offensive sweep over N. France by Fighter Command.

Russian Front.—Russians claimed recapture of Tikhvin, in Leningrad sector. Russians continued to advance on S. Front.

Africa.—El Adem captured by British and Tobruk relieved. Enemy retirement westward accelerated. Tripoli attacked by R.A.F. at night. Landing grounds at Derna and Gazala attacked.

Far East.—Bitter fighting for aerodrome of Kota Bharu, in N.E. Malaya.

Home.—Junkers 88 shot down in daylight off N.E. coast.

General.—Remainder of the British Empire declared war against Japan, as did Cuba and Panama.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 10 *830th day*

Sea.—H.M.S. Prince of Wales and H.M.S. Repulse sunk off the coast of Malaya. Japanese battleship Haruna sunk off Philippines. Japanese cruiser and destroyer reported sunk off Wake Island.

Air.—Daylight raids on objectives in N.W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Moscow announced recapture of Yelets, in the Don battle area. More local successes for the Russians in both the Moscow and Leningrad sectors.

Africa.—Mobile forces attacked Rommel's formations moving N.W. and W. from El Adem.

Far East.—Mass attacks against island of Luzon, in Philippines. Landings at Aparri, Vigan and Lingayen. Japanese attempted new landing at Kuantan, in Malaya.

THURSDAY DEC. 11 *831st day*

Air.—More daylight raids on objectives in N.W. Germany.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops continued to advance in many sectors. A hundred villages recaptured in the Russian counter-attack around Yelets. Many villages also recaptured in the Tikhvin area. Soviet advance continued on the Southern Front.

Africa.—Mr. Churchill announced that Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham had been replaced as commander of the 8th Army by Maj.-Gen. N. M. Ritchie.

Far East.—Penang heavily bombed. Reports stated that Japanese attacks on the Philippines, Malaya and Hong Kong were being successfully held. Australian bombers based on Dutch East Indies raided Japanese air bases on Pobra Island.

Home.—Very slight air activity over N.E. England by night.

General.—Italy and Germany declared war on U.S.A. U.S.A. declared war against Germany and Italy.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12 *832nd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that an Italian cruiser was badly damaged and probably sunk by British submarine in the Central Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Further striking successes reported from Moscow. Germans abandoned much material in their retreat. 400 towns and villages said to have been retaken by Soviet troops in a week's fighting.

Africa.—Swifter progress in Libya where Gazala was surrounded.

Far East.—Japan. battleship badly damaged off the Luzon coast. Japanese gained three footholds on Luzon, but were heavily engaged. Garrisons at Wake and Midway Islands continued to resist invaders. In Malaya, fierce fighting reported in Kedah area on the Thai frontier.

MR. CHURCHILL ON RUSSIA

SIX weeks or a month ago people were wondering whether Moscow would be taken, or Leningrad, or how soon the Germans would overrun the Caucasus and then the oil-fields of Baku. We had to consider what we could do to prepare ourselves on the long front from the Caspian Sea to the Mediterranean. Since then a striking fact has become evident.

The enormous power of the Russian Army and the glorious steadfastness and energy shown in resisting the frightful assault have now been made plain. On the top of this has come the Russian winter, and on top of that the Russian Air Force.

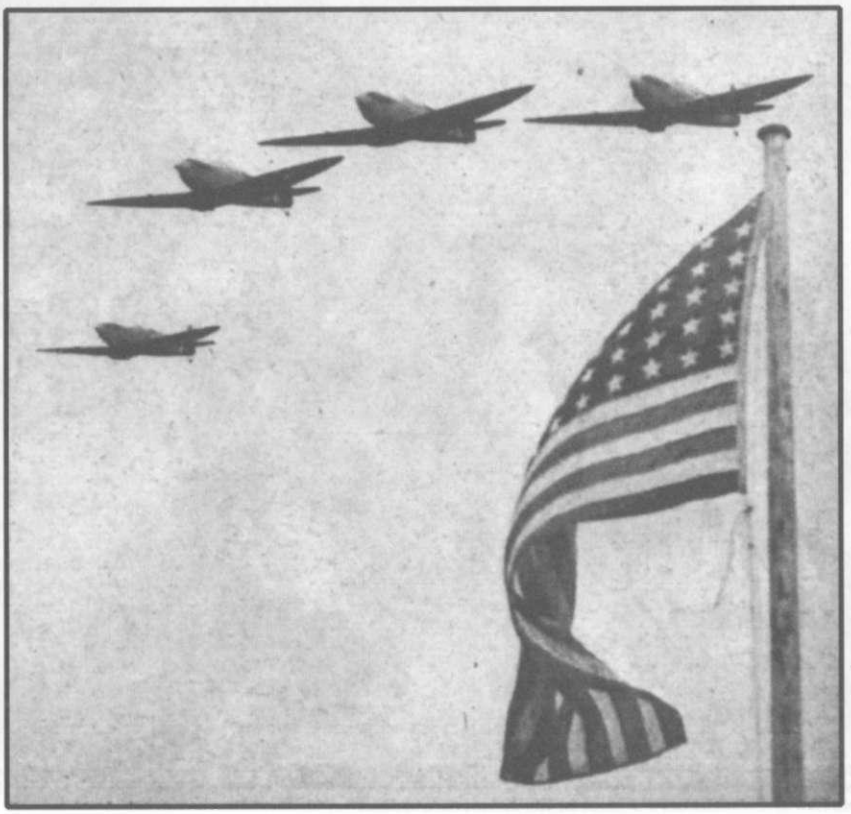
Hitler forced his armies into this barren and devastated land. He has everywhere been brought to a standstill. On a large portion of the front he is in retreat. The sufferings of his troops are indescribable. Their losses have been immense.

The cold, snow, and piercing winds blow across the icy spaces and ruined towns and villages, and along the lines of communication assaulted by guerillas. There is a stubborn unyielding resistance by the Russian people who defend every stone, every house and every yard of their soil.

All these have inflicted upon the German Army and the German nation a bloody prop, almost unequalled in the history of the war. This is not the end of the winter. It is the beginning.

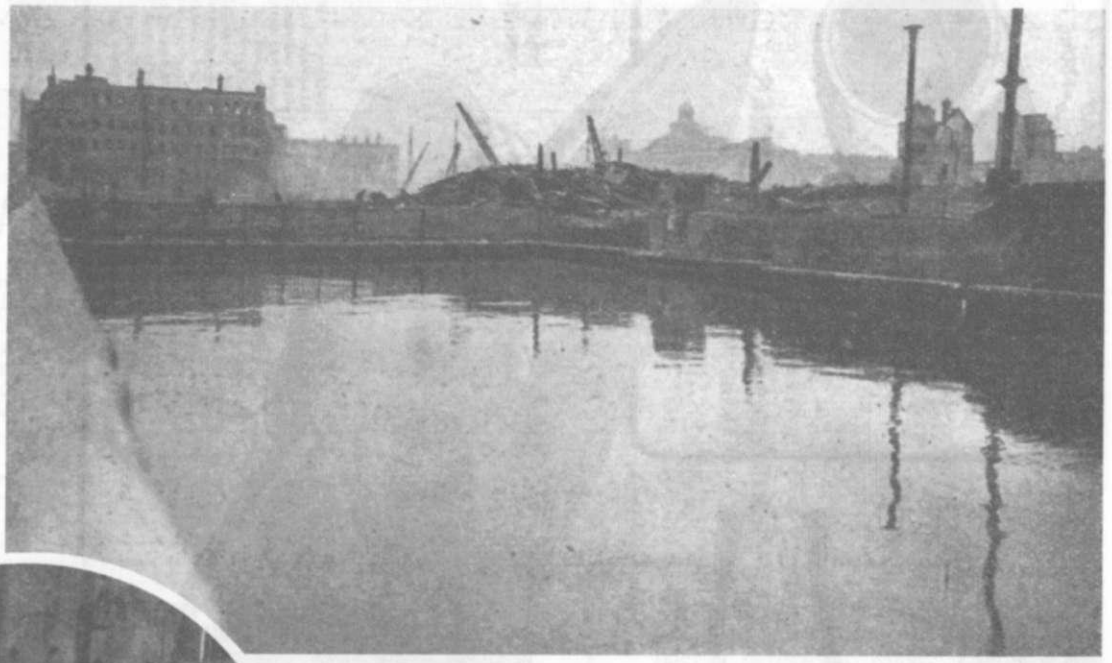
The Russians have now regained a definite superiority in the air over large parts of the front. They have the great cities in which to live. Their soldiers are habituated to the severity of their native climate, and they are inspired with the feeling of advance after a long retreat and of vengeance for monstrous injury.

In Hitler's launching of the Nazi campaign on Russia we can now see, after less than six months of fighting, that he has made one of the outstanding blunders of history, and the result so far realized constitutes an event of cardinal importance in the final decision of the war.—*House of Commons, Dec. 11, 1941.*



2nd EAGLE SQUADRON Spitfires fly over the Stars and Stripes as they set off on a sweep. This squadron, led by Sq. Ldr. R. Powell, D.F.C., is the second of the three American Eagle Squadrons to be formed in Britain as units of R.A.F. Fighter Command. *Photo, Fox*

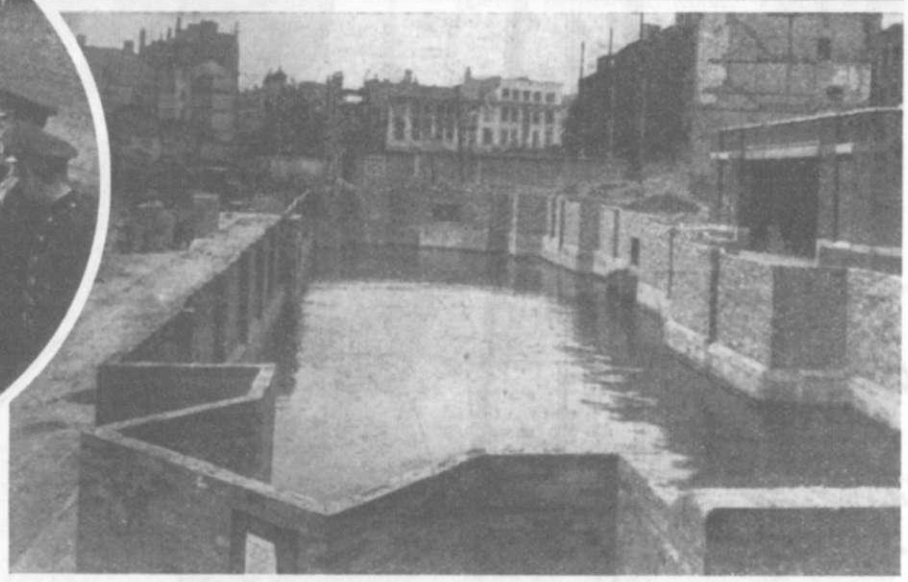
London Pools To Drown 'Fire-bomb Fritz'



This huge water tank in the devastated area of Fore Street, London, has been improvized against further Nazi efforts to set fire to the City. For the past few months demolition squads have been working on this heavily blitzed site, and the débris has been cleared, but reconstruction must wait until after victory.

Circle, firemen are filling a tank in the basement of a wrecked house in Bond Street. It holds 350,000 gallons. So deep are some of these reservoirs that lifebelts are placed in handy positions in case of accidents.

Photos, L.N.A. and "The Times"



Like circular swimming pools with diving-boards attached, these nine emergency tanks seen in the photograph on the left have been sunk into the ground on the site of a street which was destroyed by bombs. Here is a sidelight on the war which reveals the fantastic shifts to which the cities have been forced by the invention of the aeroplane. No writer of fiction ever imagined that one day our quiet Victorian streets would be so curiously transformed.

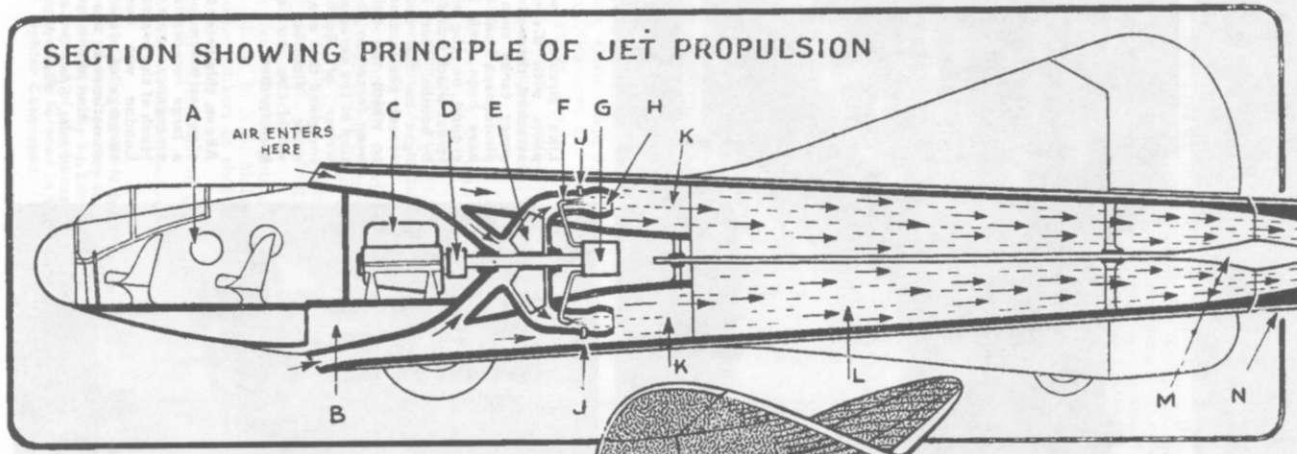
Above, this reconstruction of several basements makes a large receptacle for an emergency supply of water. Much of the fire damage in London was due to a shortage of water caused sometimes by the destruction of the mains.

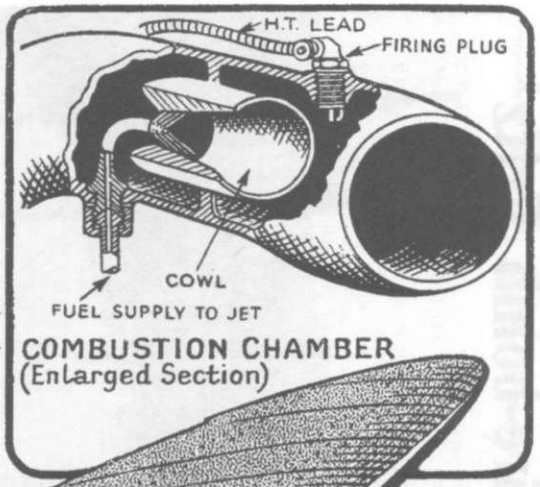
Photos, Sport & General and Planet News

Aircraft Without Airscrews—A New Development

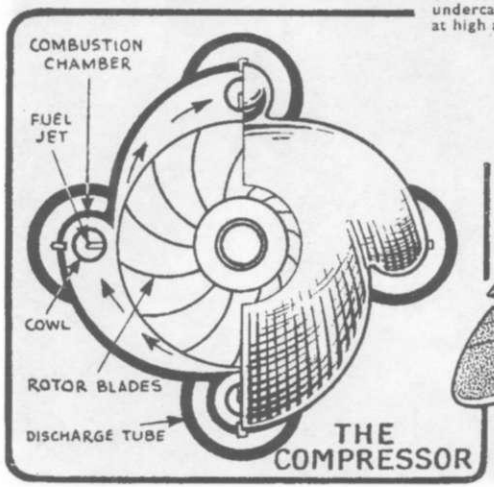
Based upon articles in "Flight" by G. Geoffrey Smith, Managing Editor

Drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by War Artists Ltd.*

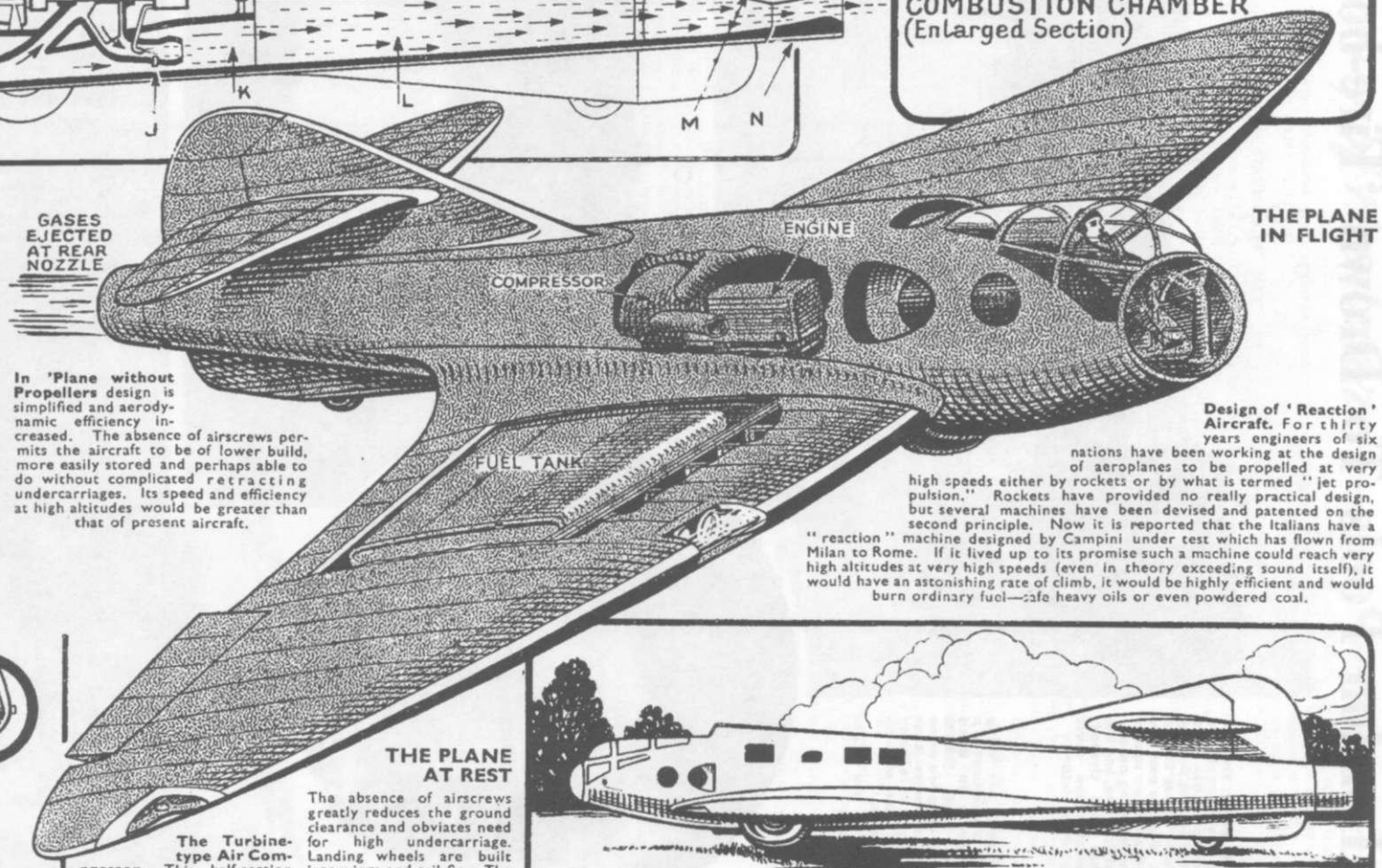




THE Principle of Jet Propulsion is Simple. It depends, like the rocket, upon the ejection of hot gases, compressed and at high velocity, through a nozzle. Their "reaction" against the atmosphere "pushes" the aeroplane forward at a speed in proportion to that of the ejected gases. A, the pressure cabin, B, cabin pressure regulating space. The engine C drives an air compressor (see also separate diagram) of turbine type E with speed variation gears D. Fuel is supplied by pumps G through jets F and exploded in combustion chambers H by sparking plugs J. One combustion chamber is shown enlarged on the right. Gases of explosion mixed with compressed air pass out of discharge tubes K along conduit L to outlet nozzle N, which can be swivelled to change direction of aircraft. Cone M varies effective size of nozzle by horizontal movement. The smaller the nozzle the higher the velocity (within certain limits) of the gases emerging from it, and therefore of the machine.

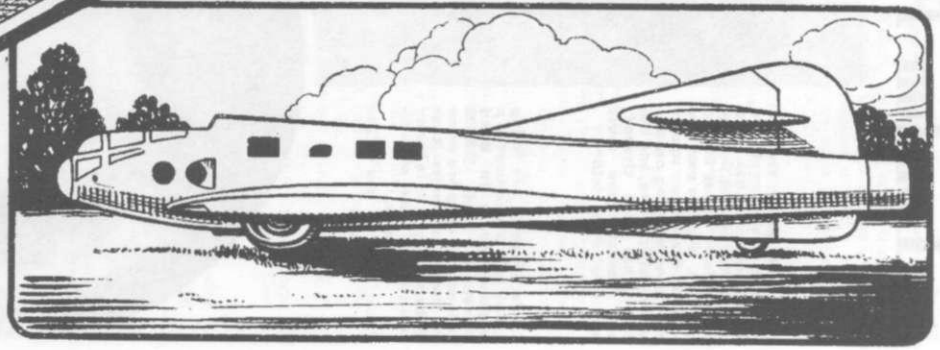


The Turbine-type Air Compressor. This half-section diagram gives details of the compressor seen at E, F and H in the top diagram. Two turbines would probably be used.



In 'Plane without Propellers design is simplified and aerodynamic efficiency increased. The absence of airscrews permits the aircraft to be of lower build, more easily stored and perhaps able to do without complicated retracting undercarriages. Its speed and efficiency at high altitudes would be greater than that of present aircraft.

Design of 'Reaction' Aircraft. For thirty years engineers of six nations have been working at the design of aeroplanes to be propelled at very high speeds either by rockets or by what is termed "jet propulsion." Rockets have provided no really practical design, but several machines have been devised and patented on the second principle. Now it is reported that the Italians have a "reaction" machine designed by Campini under test which has flown from Milan to Rome. If it lived up to its promise such a machine could reach very high altitudes at very high speeds (even in theory exceeding sound itself), it would have an astonishing rate of climb, it would be highly efficient and would burn ordinary fuel—safe heavy oils or even powdered coal.



THE PLANE AT REST

Tha absence of airscrews greatly reduces the ground clearance and obviates need for high undercarriage. Landing wheels are built into wings and tail fin. The new Italian machine is of the high wing monoplane type with the cockpit between the wings.

Gondar Falls: The End of An Empire

"Not a single leaf remains in the wreath of laurels with which the counterfeit Caesar, the toothless beast of prey, Mussolini, decorated himself," wrote "Pravda," famous Russian newspaper, on the morrow of the fall of Gondar, last of the Italian strongholds in Abyssinia. "The East African Empire of Italy, so proudly proclaimed in Rome, has collapsed like a house built of the sand of the African desert."

FOR months the Italians in Gondar, deep in the mountains to the north of Lake Tana, kept their flag flying—until long after, indeed, every other Italian stronghold in Abyssinia had surrendered. But it fell at last. On the evening of November 27 the Union Jack was run up over the offices of the Bank of Italy in Gondar. Only the town's inaccessibility enabled it to hold out so long, and in order to subdue it British engineers with East African labour had to build a mountain road up which the guns and lorries were able to move. This highway, constructed all unknown to the Italians, was their undoing.

Before dawn on November 27 a heavy artillery barrage was put down by African and Indian batteries, and this, combined with deadly air bombing, enabled the infantry to advance. Up the rocky slopes they clambered, and by midday the attackers had turned the enemy's southern flank and were assailing his rear. The final assault was delivered by East African troops; indeed, more East Africans fought at Gondar than in any other single engagement. Men of the King's African Rifles occupied the enemy's forward positions at Defeccia and Maldiba, east of the town, and at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon clouds of smoke arose as the garrison fired their ammunition dumps and store houses. Step by step enemy resistance was overcome, and only one Italian battery near the strongly fortified position at Diva was still firing when at 3 p.m. white flags were hoisted here and there.

At 3.30 General Nasi, the Italian commander, sent an envoy to ask for an armistice. Major-General C. C. Fowkes, Commander of the Imperial division concerned in the operations, replied that surrender must be unconditional. So two or three hours more passed. Then there was the noise of fighting in the streets, while at the same time a message was received from the enemy in the Ambazzo area, which was still holding out, also asking for terms of surrender. A little later General Nasi agreed to surrender unconditionally, and the "Cease Fire" was sounded. Some 11,500 Italian prisoners were taken and 12,000 native levies. They were permitted to march out with the honours of war.

The next day General Wetherall, G.O.C.-in-C. East African Command, reviewed the conquerors. On the parade were men from the Mother Country—a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherlands was mentioned — East, South, and West Africa, the Sudan, India, Ethiopia, both regulars and irregulars, and a detachment of Free French—the whole presenting a magnificent and stirring picture. Following the parade there was a march past, General Wetherall taking the salute. Then a personal message from him was read out by individual companies, ten different translations being necessary to ensure that the diverse nations on the parade all understood.

GONDAR and district, which was finally cleared of Italian power and influence by the British forces under Major-Gen. C. C. Fowkes on November 27.
By courtesy of "The Times."

With the capture of Gondar the East African force has accomplished its immediate mission in defeating the last of the Italian forces opposed to us.

To carry this out we have advanced nearly 3,000 miles, defeating in many battles an enemy superior to ourselves in numbers and artillery. We have accomplished our task owing to our superior leadership, the valour of our soldiers and the bravery of our airmen.

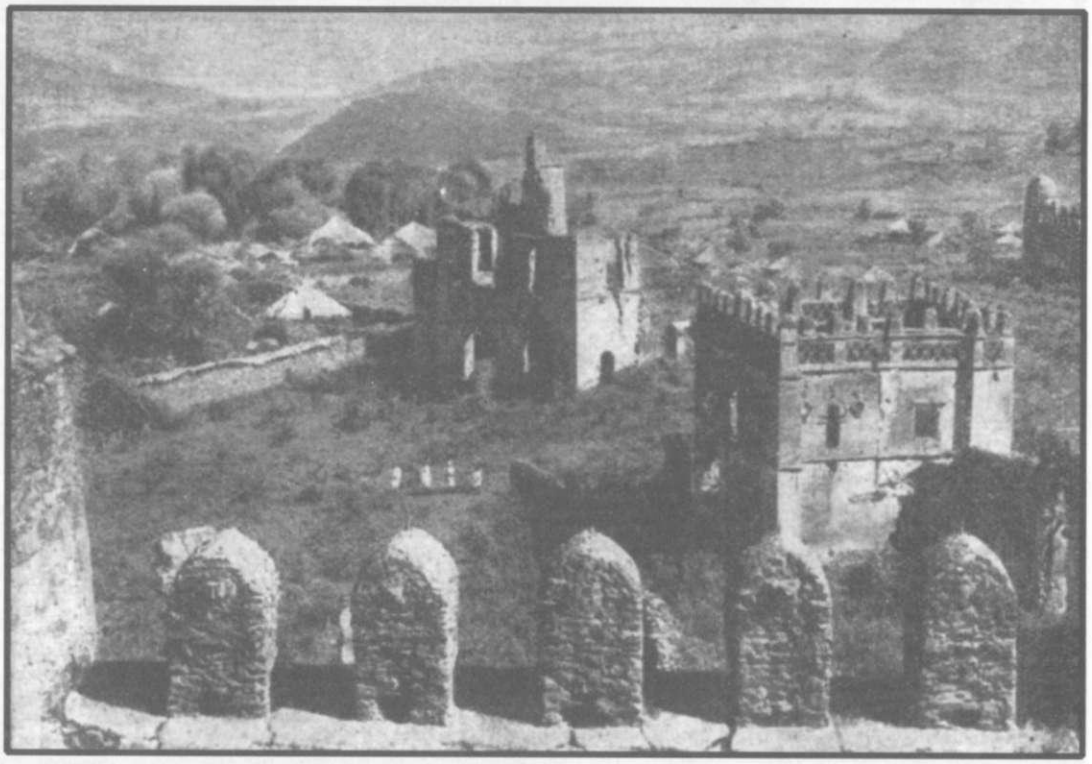
Some of the troops which have fought at Gondar are veterans, but the majority have seen little or no previous fighting. In the difficult and stern fight for this peace, you have all displayed the same fighting spirit.

Though in this theatre of war we have defeated our enemy, the time has not come to relax. It is only for us a breathing space in which to perfect ourselves in our own tactics and the mastery of our weapons. We do not know what plans our enemy will make for the future, but that he will fight us to the end is certain.

I have had a wire from the head of the Army in London congratulating you on the fine feat of arms entailed in the capture of Gondar. I, your present C.-in-C., am proud of you, and I am certain that whatever calls may be made on you in the future will be met with the same valour and success as you have recently displayed.

So ended the Italian Empire in East Africa. Of the great army of 300,000 troops with which Mussolini planned to invade the Sudan and possibly Egypt, only a few wanderers in the region behind Assab were left at liberty; the rest were all in the British prison-camps or under the African soil. Only six years have passed since on October 3, 1935, the Italian troops crossed the Mareb from Eritrea into Abyssinia, and so began that discreditable episode which was hailed by the Duce as a revival of the glories of ancient Rome. Following the crushing of the Abyssinian levies by sheer weight of metal, wholesale air-bombing and the shameful use of poison gas, the Negus fled to England, and Mussolini came on to the balcony in Rome and announced that Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, had assumed the title of Emperor of Abyssinia. "This is the goal towards which for 18 years the eruptive energies of the young generations of Italy have been disciplined," he roared.

Now the tables have been turned. With the exception of the few wanderers just mentioned, there is not an Italian left in arms in the whole of East Africa, and Haile Selassie reigns again in Addis Ababa.



A general view of Gondar, showing the ruins of the old Portuguese town and fort. The last Italian stronghold in Abyssinia, it was surrendered unconditionally by General Nasi, the Italian commander, with 23,500 men, half of them Italians, and fifty guns. It was officially announced that our forces numbered less than half the enemy. The fall of Gondar brought Mussolini's East African Empire to its inglorious conclusion. *Photo, E.N.A.*

At Last Every Briton Will Be Mobilized

Early in December the Government produced plans for the complete mobilization of Britain's man- and woman-power. Some account of the new proposals is given below, together with quotations from just a few of the many interesting speeches made by M.P.s in the course of the debate in the House of Commons which opened on December 2.

MOVING a resolution in the House of Commons on December 2, that in the opinion of the House "the obligation for National Service should be extended to include the resources of woman-power and man-power still available," Mr. Churchill said that 1941 had been occupied with the problems of production. The crisis of equipment is now largely over. The year 1942 will be dominated by the crisis of man-power and woman-power. Great new supply plants must be staffed; powerful armies must be maintained at home, in the East and in India; the Air Force is to be greatly extended in 1942, and still further in 1943; the Navy is growing continuously; and, apart from our own needs, we must keep our supply engagements to Russia.

A heavy burden will fall upon us in 1942, said the Premier, and it will be necessary to make great demands upon the nation. These demands will intimately affect the lives of many men and women; they will make further inroads upon our comfort and convenience, the character and aspect of our daily life. There will be a general moving up nearer the front which will affect a large block of the people. In a word we shall have "another instalment of toil and sweat, of inconvenience and self-denial, which I am sure will be accepted with cheerful and proud alacrity by all parties and all classes in the British nation."

Then Mr. Churchill proceeded to detail the Government's proposals. With regard to men, the system of block reservation was to be changed to one of individual deferment of military service; the age for compulsory military service was to be raised from 41 to 51, while the limit was lowered to 18½. It was also proposed to register boys and girls between 16 and 18. Then as for women, although it was not proposed to compel married women, even those without children, to join the services, married women might volunteer, and in any case they would continue to be directed into industry. Unmarried women were to be required to serve in the uniformed Auxiliary Forces of the Crown or Civil Defence, but at the outset only those between 20 and 30 would be affected. Why is it that we have to make this demand on women for the Army? the Prime Minister asked. Because the "two vultures" of Invasion and the Air Raider still hang over us. In conclusion, he gave a promise that the new powers would be exercised without any discrimination between person and person and class and class. "There must be no soft jobs for the privileged and hard grind for the poor."

Sweeping powers, indeed, but not too sweeping—so, at least, almost every speaker considered in the debate that followed. But speaker after speaker complained that the powers previously given to the Government had not been used as efficiently and effectively as they should have been. Compulsion, in other words, is not enough. Man- and woman-power must be properly utilized. There must be no waste. But, so it is alleged, there is plenty of waste at present.

Hitler can produce 4,000 planes and 2,500 tanks a month, averred Mr. Horabin (N. Cornwall, Lib.); the enemy is fully organized for total war, but we are using only half of our potential capacity because the Government lack the moral courage to tackle the big problems—the transfer from a money to a production economy, a wages policy, conscription of management, the Civil Service . . .

Sir John Wardlaw-Milne (Kidderminster, Con.) was more explicit. He said that some of the girls in the Fighting Services are doing only four-and-a-half hours' work a day, have the whole of every second week-end off, and their duties are such as girls of a similar age in civil employment are doing for eight or nine hours daily. Sir John also quoted from letters sent to him as Chairman of the Select Committee on National Expenditure. "The majority of the women," wrote one from an ordnance factory, "waste an average of four hours a day, making cups of tea and powdering their noses."

GRANDMOTHER MAKES GUNS and sets an example to the young women of the country. Mrs. Mary Connors, 55-year-old widow, who has eight grandchildren, says "our boys must have the guns" as she works at the breech of a 25-pounder.
Photo, Central Press

Mrs. Hardie (Springburn, Labour), who is a pacifist, declared that in her opinion war is not a woman's job, but since women are involved in it, she thought it was unfortunate that older women "are very much inclined to sacrifice younger women and get them out of the way so that they can take the places themselves."

Mrs. Mavis Tate (Frome, Con.) believed that very much more might have been done to absorb women into industry and the Forces before compulsion was introduced. She severely criticized the Minister of Health's proposal that grannies and aunts should look after the children of munition workers. Nursery schools ought to be established, yet the number of such schools is woefully small. Then she went on to describe how the other day she paid a visit incognito—she dressed up as the mate of one of the workmen—to a certain aerodrome and aircraft factory where, she had been told, there was a tremendous waste of time.

"In the factory I saw men sleeping in a shed, men whose work it is to wheel out a few aeroplanes in the morning and wheel them back again at night. In the interval they do absolutely nothing. I saw large luxury motor-coaches which drive the men to work in the morning from about 15 miles away. The men who drive those coaches that tremendous distance of 15 miles in the morning and 15 miles at night are earning £7 a week, and they have no work whatever between the time they drive the men to work in the morning and drive them back at night. In the middle of the day they drive a coach out again—what for? To take themselves half a mile to the canteen. It is too exhausting for them to walk. I say that while you get that sort of example—and I could give one example after another—you will not get real enthusiasm."

Another distinctly individual contribution to the debate was made by Mr. James Griffiths (Llanelly, Lab.), whose argument paralleled in large measure that put forth some few days before by Sir G. Schuster—that the ideal way of organizing the nation for National Service would be to put all, irrespective of person or class, on a common war footing. Then Mr. Griffiths made an appeal that there should be no quibbling by the Ministry of Pensions with regard to pensions that might have to be paid to the older men, the men between 41 and 51.

"They are the men of my own generation. In the main the men of that generation began work at 12 or 13 years of age. It was a generation which was half decimated in the last war, a generation that has borne 30 odd years of hard industrial toil. Many hundreds of thousands of them went through the experiences of the years from 1914 to 1918. They are now at an age when they are liable to crack. Every time I visit my native village I note with dismay that more of my generation have fallen by the wayside because they have been unable, at their age, to stand the strain of modern industrial life. When these men are called up there will be a larger percentage of breakdowns among them than among the younger generation."

Another Labour member, Mr. A Edwards (Middlesbrough, East), took the line, somewhat unusual in his party, of criticism of the Civil Service machine.

"Some of the best minds and most efficient men in the country are to be found in the Civil Service. They carry a very grave responsibility. But with the machine under which they have to work, they simply cannot do what is required. Everything in this country has speeded up except the Civil Service, which is so constructed that it cannot speed up . . . We have created a veritable Frankenstein which will destroy us if we do not deal with it. You can get the best brains you like from all industries, but as long as they have to go at the speed of the permanent officials, production will not be speeded up. That machine destroys and frustrates every effort."

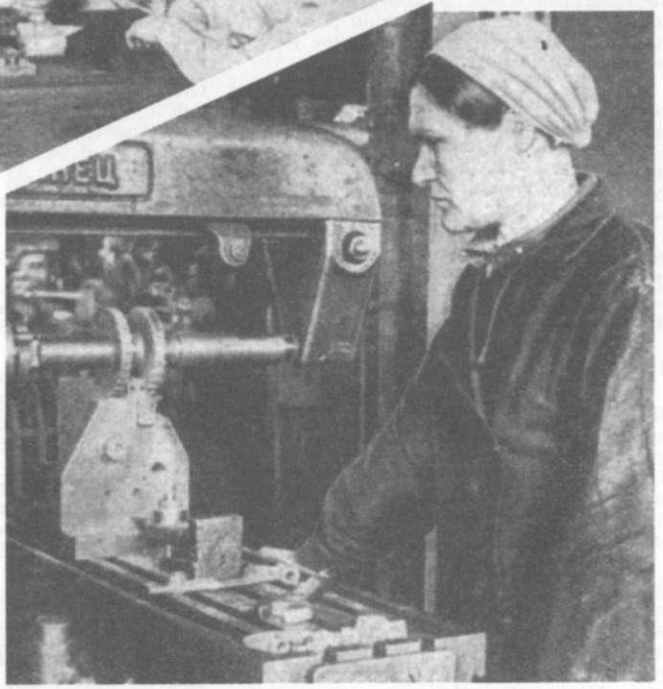
But for the most part the Labour members were concerned with putting forward the view that there should be a great extension of public control and planning of industry—that conscription of property, no less than conscription of life, is vital for the proper organization of our war effort. They made this demand, not out of any traditional belief in the virtues of nationalization, but rather because in their opinion "by taking over wealth, privilege and economic power"—to quote from Mr. Griffiths again—"we shall give the people of this country an incentive—a sense of a great cooperative effort in our mission. We shall build a dynamic democracy, and not only beat Hitler and all the other forces that make for war, but we shall win the peace as well."

Russia's Factory Front Is Still Unbroken

Director of a clothing factory in Kutais (right) receiving young girl students who have applied for work. All over Russia young boys and girls are replacing men in the factories.

Centre right, Mrs. Petushkova, a Russian war worker, operating a lathe in a Russian factory. She is doing a man's job with skill and efficiency.

Below, a young girl worker operating a drilling machine in a big steel works of Western Russia. She is one of the great army of Soviet women workers.



At the foot of the page Russian munition workers pause a moment while a comrade reads the latest bulletin from the front. They know that the defence of Russia depends upon them no less than the soldiers engaged in the front line.

Photos, Planet News

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

Rommel Asked Me, 'Aren't You Glad?'

During his three days' captivity among the Germans in Libya, a staff sergeant of the R.A.O.C. met General Rommel face to face and was under fire from British guns. Below we give the story Sergeant Weallens told to F. G. H. Salusbury, "Daily Herald" special correspondent in Libya.

Sergeant E. Weallens, R.A.O.C., who was captured by the Nazis in Libya, saw General Rommel, and escaped. He describes his experiences in this page. *Photo, Topical*

It was on November 21, round Bir el Gubi. We had gone out to bring in a damaged vehicle, but my lorry got stuck in the sand and three of us were taken prisoner. The Jerries took us to an interpreter.

Just then a big staff car dashed up and all the Jerries jumped up as if they were on strings and started to "Heil Hitler."

There was a red-faced, strongly built fellow in the car—not too tall when he stood up. He "Heiled Hitler" too, and seemed very pleased with himself, especially when the Jerries crowded round and some of them made signs to ask if they could photograph him. When he spoke to them they were as pleased as Punch.

Then he saw us lads and he beckoned us over. I stood to attention, but I didn't salute him, and he said to me in English, "Well, Englander, aren't you glad you're out of it?" I said "No." I said I'd like to be back with my own people. I thought he was Rommel then, and I know now because I've seen photos of him. He wore a great-coat with belt and revolver—the full trappings—and bits of ribbon in his buttonhole, German style. He was quite good-humoured, quite a cheerful-looking chap.

As we were taken away they all "Heiled Hitler" again, and Rommel went off.

They bunged us in a troop-carrier with ten Jerries. That night we went straight into action. We were dashed to hell by our own guns. Don't talk to me about our guns; I've had my whack of them. The second day we were in the fighting round Sidi Rezegh. The third day we went south and were hammered again. It was a proper fight.

The panzer chaps went out in those caterpillar things, then they decided to turn, and we came back through the barrage, and that was the worst of all. The column stopped and they put us on the ground. We had been there only ten minutes when our tanks came blazing through.

One of the Jerry wagons next to us went up in flames, and, knowing that it contained ammunition, I said to the lads, "Let's edge away like." So we edged away, and by the time that the Jerry rearguard came up we were safe on our bellies in the bushes.

As luck would have it I still had my compass. I'd wrapped it up in a couple of handkerchiefs and they passed it over—so we were able to make our way back in the right direction.

First thing we heard was a wireless set talking in English, so I called out "Are you British?" and they said "Yes. Who are you?" I said "Staff sergeant of the Ordnance Corps and a couple of lads. For Heaven's sake take us in!"

On the day we were captured we had nothing at all to eat. The second day we had some weak tea and brown bread. The Jerries had stew once a day and some hard tack. They treated us all right. One of the lads in our truck was about 20, and he slipped us a cigarette—just human nature I guess. So I showed him a photograph of my wife and kids.

On the third day an order of the day was issued announcing that Moscow had fallen. It was just before we went into the barrage, and I got the idea that the order was read out on purpose to cheer them up.

From Berlin We Flew Homewards in Flames

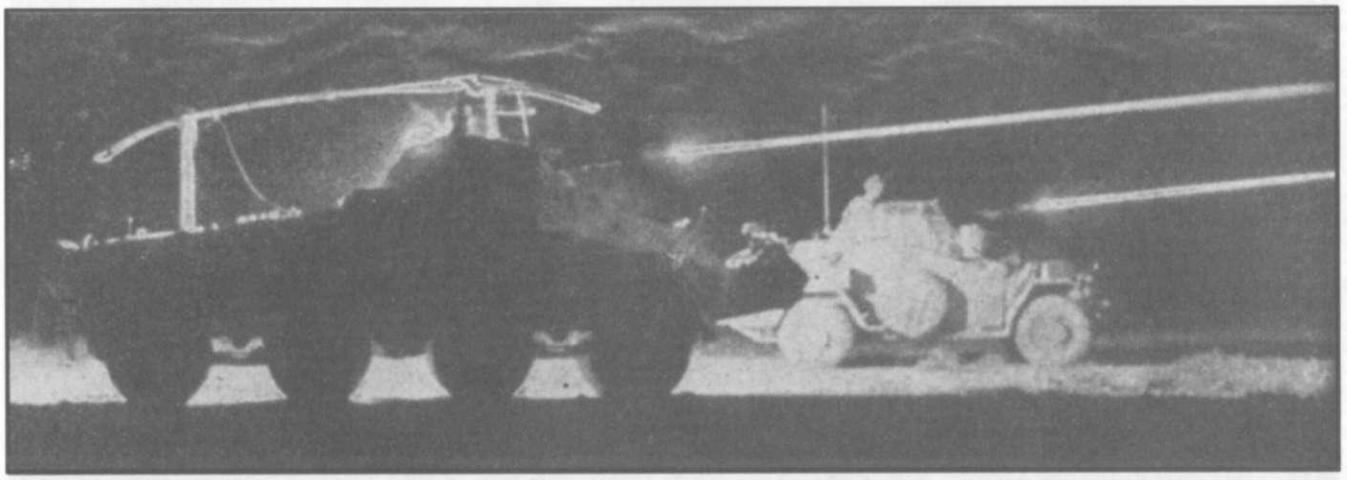
When the crew of a Wellington bomber which raided Berlin on November 7 were washed up at Ventnor they had spent 57 hours in their rubber dinghy after flying over Germany in flames. Their amazing story is told here by the captain of the aircraft.

On the outward journey on Friday evening (November 7) we encountered broken cloud as we crossed the sea, and this thickened into impenetrable masses as we got into Germany. About 30 miles from Berlin we came under fire, the German batteries shooting up at us through the cloud with predicted fire. I think it was here that we were first hit. One shell went off right underneath us. We heard a crack and everything in the aircraft shook.

But we went on to drop our high explosives on Berlin. The target was obliterated by cloud before we could drop our incendiaries and we kept these, intending to put them down on the way back.

We were on the course for home, still well inside Germany, when we were hit again by guns which opened up suddenly on us. Shells burst all round the Wellington. Then, almost simultaneously, the second pilot and the rear-gunner reported that the aircraft was on fire. Opening the door behind me and looking back, I saw that the fuselage was filled with blinding, choking smoke. Flames were coming up through the floor and were beginning to lick up the sides.

The incendiaries had caught fire, and, 12,000 feet up, the bomber was ablaze along the whole length of the bomb racks, a target for every gun within range. While the wireless operator tapped out a message to base: "Hit by flak," the second pilot went back to tackle the fire. He shouted in the observer's ear as he passed him to tell me to jettison the incendiaries. Then, with the fire extinguisher, he tackled the fire. When the extinguisher ran out, he poured coffee from the thermos flasks on to the worst parts of the fire.



NEAR TOBRUK, Nazi armoured vehicles taking part in a night attack. In such a lorry as the one seen above, Sergeant Weallens, and two comrades, with ten Germans, found themselves in action against the British. "Don't talk to me about our guns," he writes, "I've had my whack of them." After being under British fire at Sidi Rezegh and elsewhere, Sergeant Weallens and his fellow-prisoners were put down somewhere in the Western Desert, and made good their escape. *Photo, Keystone*

I WAS THERE!

It seemed to have " quite a decent effect," he said. Meanwhile, the wireless operator had left his set and had gone back to try to get through to the rear of the bomber to wind out his trailing aerial, which would give him greater range and also a better chance of getting a " fix " of their position. But the smoke and flames beat him back. For ten minutes he was unable to get through.

Unable to talk to the others over the " intercom." because my mouthpiece was not working, I stuck to the controls. The front-gunner, who had been let out of his turret, stood beside me to carry messages between me and the rest of the crew. The smoke was so thick that at times I was forced to hold my head outside the window to be able to breathe. Back in the middle of the plane, the second pilot was fighting the fire blindly. " You couldn't see an inch in front of you," he said.

Then I threw open my escape hatch and gradually the smoke cleared as the wind rushed through the interior. After struggling for nearly ten minutes, the wireless operator was able to grope his way back to the trailing aerial. Then he went forward again to work on his set. As the bomber flew on he and the observer were checking up on their position. Repeatedly the wireless operator sent out messages. At the end of every message he added an S O S signal.

We tried to jettison the incendiary containers, but they would not drop. The electrical switch system was not working. As the blazing bomber flew on, it was still under fire from the flak batteries on the ground. You could hear the crumps all round us. I can't make out how it was they didn't blow us out of the sky. I was expecting that at any minute after we had got away from the guns enemy fighters might come up " to finish us off."

The rear-gunner remained in his turret—at one time cut off by fire and smoke from the others—to meet a fighter attack. But no fighters appeared. Until he opened his ventilators he was half choked. All the time we were under fire he was reporting the positions of the flak. He said he could hardly hear the others' voices over the " intercom."

Eventually the fire inside the aircraft was put out, but the incendiaries were still burning. I found that I could close the bomb doors—or what was left of them—and the fire died down for a minute, then flared up again. Several times we tried opening and shutting the doors in the hope that we might get it out altogether. Then, we decided to keep them closed to hide as much light as possible from the ground defences.

Looking through the astro hatch, the second pilot saw for the first time that while he had been fighting flames inside the aircraft, fire had burnt away part of the fabric of one of the wings.

Gradually we lost height until—over two hours later—we crossed the enemy coast at a height of only 1,000 feet. The incendiaries were still burning. We knew it was touch-and-go to cross the sea. We thought we'd take a chance on coming down in the water rather than come down in enemy territory, so we flew on. Twenty-five minutes after we had crossed the coast the engines spluttered and failed. All the petrol had gone. We had been flying then nearly three hours after the bomber had caught on fire.

Everything had been made ready for coming down in the sea. When the bomber hit the water, its back was broken. Because of the damage to the aircraft I was unable to get the tail down to make " a decent landing," and the aircraft went into the water nose down. It went underneath for practically the whole of its length, and then the empty petrol tanks in the wings floated it to the surface again. The flotation gear had been burnt away.

The wireless operator was still working at his set, sending out signals, when the machine hit the water. Within a minute the aircraft sank, but during that time all the crew managed to get out. We were in the water hanging on to the dinghy's ropes. One by one we clambered into the dinghy. One of us was a non-swimmer. I had one leg injured and my face was cut through being badly thrown forward against my instrument panel when we hit the water. The others who had been able to get into positions for a crash landing were unhurt.

We just sat in the dinghy waiting for dawn to break. The next day—Saturday—was really lovely—sunny and warm—and the sea was like a mill-pond. At about ten in the morning we saw some Hurricanes in the distance, but they didn't see us. About half an hour after we'd come down in the sea a plane dropped some Very lights above us. It must have been fairly high because we couldn't hear the engines very loud. We signalled an S O S with a torch. We paddled all Saturday. The crew was marvellous—not a grouse, not a moan. We paddled most of the night, too, taking it in turns, two at a time. It helped to keep us warm. On Sunday the weather was bad the whole time, big seas were running, but the dinghy was first class. When the water came over, we baled out with tins. We rationed our food and drink for six days. We had biscuits and chocolate, rum and water.

On Sunday night the wind came up stronger still. When the sun came up the next morning we saw a buoy go swishing by. We seemed to be moving at a devil of a speed with the tide. Seeing the buoy sort of bucked things up. Then we saw the coast in the distance. We were afraid we were going to be carried past it so we all paddled like dingbats, but we were being taken in pretty fast. After a time we could see people. Then, as we got nearer, we waved. We could see them waving back. We paddled to within 20 yards of the shore and then a big sea more or less washed us up to the rescuers who had waded out.

Four members of a bomber crew whose aeroplane was hit by German " flak " over Berlin, and later came down in the sea. The crew's amazing experiences are described in this page.

Photo, Keystone

On My Way to Kuibyshev from Moscow

As the Germans drew ever nearer to Moscow, those people of the city who were not required in the fighting line or the factories were evacuated to Kuibyshev, 450 miles away on the Volga. Among them was the well-known Russian writer, Vsevolod Ivanov, whose account is printed below.

I STOOD on the bank of the broad, full-flowing Volga at Kuibyshev. Around me lay a large town, with smoking factory chimneys, motor-cars whirling by blowing their horns, large steamboats plying up and down the river . . .

I came here from Moscow. Many friends have come with me and many more are still arriving by train and by steamboat. The tale of our journey is brief and essentially the same in all cases. There is no room for " civilians "—if one can speak of civilians in this war—near the trenches. I was a non-combatant and needed quiet for my work: I was ordered to leave.

On the way out here there was a great deal of sadness in the faces of my fellow-travellers. But when troop-train after troop-train passed us going towards the west a new expression appeared on those sad faces. One realized that this was the sadness of parting, not the sadness of death and decay.

Our train moved along slowly. Frequently we were shunted aside to allow passage to the numerous trains loaded with troops, guns, motor vehicles. Sometimes our train halted at some tiny wayside station amid snow and oak trees from which the leaves had scarcely fallen.

Then I would go and visit the Red Army men in their cars. The walls of the cars were decorated with posters and hand-written newspapers produced by the soldiers themselves. Here was a call to smite the German hard " so that he'll never forget our plains and never think of invading them again." There were caricatures of the enemy, drawn if not with skill at least with wrath. Almost every one of these wall-newspapers urged railwaymen to greater speed. One declared outright: " We have been waiting and begging for this moment for four months. Drive us faster, comrades ! "

I got into conversation with some of the men. They were artillerymen from Siberia. Thickset, of no great stature, but with evidently inexhaustible strength. They apparently knew what they were in for, and they would probably fight like Siberians who are accustomed both to hard scraps and hard weather.

The most moving sight in our journey was to see the meeting between factories which were being evacuated to the east and the troops moving towards the west. On one track stood cars loaded with guns, on the other track rows of cars loaded with machinery which made the guns. A damp heavy snow fell, covering the tarpaulins with a white shroud. One could imagine the machines saying to the guns, as they met for a moment: "Don't worry—we'll soon be sending you some brothers."—*Soviet War News*

Editor's Postscript

IN these distressful days of lightning change from hour to hour, it is beyond man's wit to forecast the state of things even so near as a week ahead. "The shape of things to come" indeed! There is no more shapeliness in them than in the flood from a burst water-main. So, although this issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is dated for the day of publication while I am writing nearly a fortnight in advance of that, what disturbing or heartening events happen meanwhile might make anything written today seem woefully wide of the mark. I shall therefore confine this note to an expression of the hope and belief that all the disasters of the last few days—these being some of the heavy blows which Mr. Churchill has so often warned us to expect—all these notwithstanding, I look to a great redressing in 1942. The treachery of Japan has disclosed a deplorable state of unreadiness in America, for which the Isolationists may be thanked. That our Trans-atlantic-allies will soon recover from these staggering blows must not be doubted; that the Anglo-Saxon world, now fused into one mass of furious energy, will go forward to eventual and overwhelming victory is certain. If the shadows that overhang the ending weeks of 1941 are heavy, like all shadows they will pass; and if 1942 cannot take the world through to daylight, we can at least hope it will bring the first streaks of dawn. The Eastern windows have at the moment of writing opened to darkness, but "say not the struggle naught availeth," and so into the New Year of Hope!

MY week-end reading has been rather a "mixed grill." Until now I have known of Willa Cather, one of the most distinguished American novelists, only by reputation. One whose judgement in books has never failed me put a copy of "A Lost Lady" in my hand, and having started to read this short novel in the train I read nothing else that evening—not even the newspapers—until I had finished what is one of the finest of the many fine examples of story-telling that have come to us from America. The story runs to no more than 35,000 words, and yet there are no fewer than ten characters in it who stand out "in the round" as living creatures of life's drama whom the reader is not likely to forget.

I AM not likely to forget "A Lost Lady" for another reason. One of the dominating figures in the story is that of a horrid American type: the cruel, ruthless small-town young man who tramples his way to material success as mercilessly as any Italian gangster, but contrives to keep within the law, often by qualifying himself as lawyer. We first meet this particular rascal when he is eighteen, trying to impress a group of quite decent youngsters by capturing a woodpecker and, with devilish dexterity and a tiny razor blade, slitting its eyes so that the poor creature amused him by its wild eyeless flight among the tall beeches . . . to the horror of the younger lads. With true insight the novelist does not bring him to a bad end, for it just isn't true that evildoers are always or often punished—except in novels and melodramas. This loathsome young sadist is left flourishing. But I shall link him now with the actual Neapolitan nobleman who used to keep three thousand quails on his lovely estate, all with their eyes made blind by red-hot bodkins: a horror that has often haunted my mind since I first heard of it in Naples more than thirty years ago.

A RARE instance of swift punishment for cruelty I find related in Prof. E. M. Butler's bulky life-study of Rainer Maria Rilke, the mystic German poet, to whose work, still little known in England, I have only recently been introduced by the same friend who has put me on to Willa Cather. The young Rilke (who had been brought up as a girl until he was five and had twenty-four different nurses before his first birthday!) scored one up on a bully at an Austrian military academy: "One Christmas Eve, when they were all packing for the holidays, a brutal senior, seeing the little boy lost in happy dreams beside his brimming valise, tossed it up to the ceiling and broke into coarse laughter as the contents scattered over the room. Suddenly to his own surprise and even horror, René (as Rainer was then known) heard his own voice saying loudly and emphatically: 'I know that you won't get home for the holidays.' His tormentor began to laugh, slipped, fell and broke his leg. He did *not* get home for the holidays, and this evidence of prophetic or psychic gifts earned their owner a not unenviable reputation in that barbarous community."

Admiral HAROLD R. STARK, known as "Betty" Stark to the American fleet, is U.S. Naval Commander-in-Chief. He has served in the U.S. Navy as Chief of Ordnance and as commander of cruisers of the American Battle Force. *Photo, Associated Press*

AND this week-end, too, I may confess my failure in attempting to renew a very slight acquaintance with the work of a popular author—the late John Buchan. (I am not interested in him as Lord Tweedsmuir.) I started out joyfully with Dickson McCunn, retired grocer of bookish tastes in search of romance, and elderly hero of "Huntingtower." Buchan's delightful mastery of the Glesca dialect as exemplified by McCunn at times and always, in its lower depths, by the "Gorbals Die-Hards," could not fail to rejoice one whose youth had been spent in St. Mungo's grey, grimy, but go-ahead city.

ALL went well until we got to Huntingtower, when began a great stir about stolen jewels, a prisoned maiden, and a bunch of characters who could have walked out of any boys' paper yarn in the last fifty years or so. All told, mind you, in the most vigorous and scholarly manner. I felt that I knew where the Gorbals Die-Hards originated: it was in the Den at Thrums, and somehow under the lead of Tommy and Corp Shiach they were more credible. So having finished the chapter "Of the Princess in the Tower" I skipped the next two hundred pages and read the last two just to make sure that it all came out according to the formula of my old friend Charles Pearce, who, forty years ago, used to keep five or six yarns of a similar kind (not so finely written, be it said) running simultaneously in as many different boys' papers! It seems a pity to find so much good writing and power of characterization, as well as humour, devoted to this sort of story.

ONE passage in "Huntingtower" reads quaintly in these rationed days: Mrs. Morran "had been baking that morning, so there were white scones and barley scones, and oaten farles and russet pancakes. There were three boiled eggs for each of them . . . there was skim milk cheese" . . . but that's enough! Yet I can make those who like eggs, boiled, fried, or poached, still more jealous of the plenteous past by turning to P. G. Hamerton's "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands." Malcolm was the name of an extraordinary Highlander who used to do the author the honour of visiting him at his camp on the island of Inishail in Loch Awe. "By way of preparing himself for the more serious business of breakfast, it is a custom of his, when eggs are obtainable, to beat a dozen of them together in a basin with whisky and sugar, and eat the whole raw mess with a spoon, like soup." That was just a sort of cocktail, for when breakfast came along with trout, mutton chops and eggs, Malcolm had the nerve to complain because he was given only four boiled eggs! "Go and boil six and twenty," he said to the serving man, "you'll find two dozen in the box in my boat." The author privately instructed his servant just to boil another four for the ravenous Highlander "which, with the four he had eaten, the plates of mutton chops, the plates of trouts, the loaf of bread, and the six cups of a strong coffee, I considered a sufficient breakfast." Twenty eggs for his breakfast! Are we one-egg-a-fortnighters envious?

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